

## Poems on the sand

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by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

*George trails his gaze further until his eyes stop at a bluish lump some feet away from him on the shore. Squinting his eyes, George tries to make out what it is. Is that a-?*

*“Shit, shit, shit,” he mutters under his breath and perks up to stand on his wobbly feet.*

*He runs to the person lying on the soft sand face down. George kneels beside him, panic turning his every move sloppy and his heartbeat quicken to the point where he can feel his entire body pulsating at record speed. The only sound he hears is the thumping dum-dum-dum.*

*With the last ounces of strength he has, he flips the unconscious person around and is met with the familiar freckled face. He recognizes the dirty blond locks that are now drenched wet.*

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*George’s plane crashes and he wakes up stranded on an island only to find a freckle-faced man with an attitude-problem.*



## Prologue: Island

George has always hated flying.

Maybe it's all the R rated movies he watched when he was little of planes crashing into land and people letting out ear-piercing screams before taking their last breaths. Or maybe it's the loud whirring of the turbines combined with the turbulence that shakes him to his core. Or maybe it's the mere fact that he's miles and miles away from the land in a metallic tube without a way out.

Whatever the reason, he doesn't care for it. But here's the problem: George loves travelling. He's the kind of person who just can't settle in one place, he craves change in scenery. Whenever he has to spend a longer period of time in a certain place, he feels like he's suffocating from the plain mundanity of everything. He seeks new experiences, new people, new views. That's the reason he's on this plane today.

George can't help but hold his breath when he steps into the plane, immediately greeted by a blond flight attendant with scarlet lipstick that highlights the curve of her cupid lips.

"Welcome on board," she says with a bright smile that George tries to return.

"T-thanks," he mutters nervously, biting down on his tongue after saying the word and starts making his way to the cabin.

The ocean of blue seats and colorful people swallows him whole and he tries his best to peer at the number signs for his assigned digit. When he finally spots it, confusion draws his eyebrows together.

He coughs a couple times at the man sitting on the seat, *George's* seat. The dirty blond doesn't seem to notice, he's wearing headphones after all and his gaze is set outside the window.

George sighs and gently pokes his shoulder to get his attention. It works and the man turns his face to look at the brunet with a frustrated look on his tan features.

"Yes?" he asks, not even trying to hide his exasperation.

George tries to calm down. *He's just having a bad day, he's just having a bad day.*

"I'm sorry, but I think you've got my seat," George says in his most kind and considerate tone that sounds like it should be accompanied by a bow of some sort.

The man blinks and doesn't say a word for a long moment that stretches in George's mind until he can't bear the silence any longer.

"Can you *move*?" he asks with a raise in volume. That perks the man up and he starts shifting in his seat. He just moves to the seat closer to the window and puts his headphones back on, turning to look outside the window again. George rolls his eyes and sits on the indigo seat.

When the flight attendants show up on the hallway and start gesturing the exits and what to do in case of emergency, George pays them his full attention. He listens to every word like it's the most fascinating concept he has ever heard. From the corner of his eye, he notes that the rude blond isn't doing the same. His knee is bouncing a little, probably to the beat of the music he's listening to. George's annoyance with the man only grows and he finds himself whispering profanities under his breath. *Fucking idiot, thinking he's so much better than the rest of us. Rude asshole, doesn't even know where he's supposed to be sitting.*

The presentation is over and George feels the ping of disappointment in his chest for missing half of it even though he's heard the same monologue many times before. He thinks he could do a better job than the flight attendants by this point.

As the plane reaches higher and higher altitudes, George grows more and more anxious. It's like the feeling of being on an amusement park ride that rises slowly but surely upwards and you're just sitting there waiting for it to lurch back down.

George feels the anxiety forming bubbles in his stomach and he tries to distract himself by reading the book he has grabbed with him. He has bought the green paperback from the small bookstore at the town where he has spent the last few weeks. It's a good book. It has everything he looks for in a story: the interesting characters that develop as time passes by, changing scenery and most importantly action. But it still doesn't soothe the distressed feeling around his body that has him shuddering head to toe. He's not one for believing in signs but something about this feels wrong.

Then the turbulence starts and George curses under his breath, staring intently at the roof of the plane. Each shake of the plane feels like another stab in his gut and he has to swallow the acidic vomit that threatens to lurch up every time.

"Are you okay, sir?" a voice asks from somewhere next to him.

George lowers his gaze and notices the blond flight attendant from before. He also notices that he's been holding onto the armrest with such force that his fingernails have nearly dug themselves into the fabric.

"Y-yeah," he mutters, forcing a smile on his face and trying to be discreet when he returns his hands on his lap "Just get a little jumpy during flights."

The blond flashes him an empathetic smile and says "We get that a lot. Would you like to have a beverage to help soothe your nerves?"

George nods. "Yeah, that would actually be perfection." *Why the fuck did I say that?*

The lady just flashes him another bright smile and says "Would tea be *perfection*?"

George chuckles. "Yes, it really would."

The fabric of the seat feels soft against his head as he tries yet again to calm down whilst waiting for his tea. A glance at the blond sitting next to him reveals that he's doing just the same as before: slightly lolling his head to the rhythm of whatever music is playing from his headphones. Against his better judgement, George allows his eyes to paint over the blond, taking in everything about his appearance. *Why do assholes have to be so good looking?* George stares at the blond hair that's falling on his face in almost-curls. He stares at the freckles that dust his evident cheekbones. The

harsh jawline looks like it could cut steel and George has to remind himself again that this is still the idiot from before, just a good looking one at that.

The plane starts shaking again, a little more vigorous this time and George closes his eyes tightly shut until he sees colorful shapes dancing against black. When he opens them, the rocking hasn't stopped but instead it feels like it's intensifying with every passing second. George can hear his heart hammering in his chest like it's his last day on Earth. That only drives his panicky state deeper and he grips onto the armrests, holding for his dear life.

*"Dear passengers, this is your captain speaking. We are dealing with some turbulence due to an unexpected thunderstorm. The seat belt light has been turned on which means we recommend you not to get off your seats unless it's an emergency. The staff will be ready to help you with any requests. I wish everyone a great rest of the flight."*

The announcement should've made George a little less scared but it's succeeded in doing the opposite. The words 'unexpected thunderstorm' spin in his head until they sound distorted and wrong. George buries his head between his clammy palms, trying desperately to stop the horrifying chattering of his teeth.

George doesn't know how long he has been sitting like this but when he jerks his head up, he notices the familiar flight attendant coming his way with a cup of steaming tea. He paints on a smile and traces the moves of the woman with his eyes. Just when she's about to reach George, a sudden bounce of the plane causes her to trip in her steps. George stares as the tea flies in slow motion from the white cup to the person sitting in the seat in front of him. Once the flight attendant gets up to her feet, she starts apologizing profusely, promising to get fresh towels for the victim of the hot water splash.

George leans back on his seat and closes his eyes again, hoping he could just fall asleep and sleep all the way through this flight. It's impossible though because in addition to being scared of flights, he also struggles with sleep insomnia. Just the thought of sleeping in this jerking plane is so ridiculous he has to pinch his lips tightly together so he doesn't smile to himself and look like a lunatic.

It's been barely two hours when the turbulence stops for a moment and George immediately lets out a relieved sigh. He feels like he isn't the only one who does this. It appears that the entire plane has exhaled the breath it was holding. It's nice. But the pleasure doesn't linger for long because after only a few minutes the turbulence hits again, twice as strong this time. Even the flight attendants have to go to their seats because of the safety threat. The whirring sound of the turbines combined with the rumbling sound caused by the turbulence makes everything so much worse. George is tempted to just steal the headphones from the person sitting next him.

It takes another hour or more for the turbulence to get so bad that the captain has to make another announcement. George winces at the traces of anxiety he hears in the previously calm male voice. He can't see straight anymore, his vision going blurry from all the shaking. It feels unreal. It feels even more unreal when the loud bang erupts from somewhere to his right followed by dozens of orange airbags falling down from the roof. George hopes that this is all a nightmare when the

lights flicker and he hears children and adults scream. He is painfully aware of the split second lasting moment when everything stops: the loud whirring of the turbines, the screaming. The only word he thinks about in that moment when the plane floats in the sky before crashing down is *fuck*.

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Something cold and soft grazes the back of George's legs. It moves rhythmically, washing over him and retreating. George blinks his eyes open and at first he thinks he's died and entered heaven because all he sees is white light. The sun is shining right into his eyes with the kind of brightness you can't create artificially. George closes his eyes again when another sensation awakens in his body: the dirty taste of grainy sand and salt water in his mouth. He starts coughing violently, feeling a stinging in his lungs as he does so.

His mouth feels terrifyingly dry. His entire body feels foreign, like it's not even his, but when he looks down, he sees the familiar grey shirt with the design of a moon on the chest. George tries moving his hands: it works. He grabs fistfulls of powdery sand, feeling particles of it sinking under his nails, and releases it back onto the ground through his fingers. Then he tries moving his legs which hurts but still works and he's able to rise to a seat on the sand.

Using his hand as shade, George looks around his surroundings. It's a beach of some sort, the almost hypnotic waves making their way to tickle George's toes. Palm trees drape over each other a little further from the water, their mystical green a contrast to the yellowish sand.

George trails his gaze further until his eyes stop at a bluish lump some feet away from him on the shore. Squinting his eyes, George tries to make out what it is. *Is that a-*?

"Shit, shit, shit," he mutters under his breath and perks up to stand on his wobbly feet.

He runs to the person lying on the soft sand face down. George kneels beside him, panic turning his every move sloppy and his heartbeat quicken to the point where he can feel his entire body pulsating at record speed. The only sound he hears is the thumping *dum-dum-dum*.

With the last ounces of strength he has, he flips the unconscious person around and is met with the familiar freckled face. He recognizes the dirty blond locks that are now drenched wet.

George doesn't have time to give this a second thought as he tries to recall what he was taught in health education about CPR. It was years ago and he didn't pay that much attention at school back then. That said, he has a some-what good picture of what he *should* do from all the films he has seen and all the books he has read.

"Don't die on me," George says, his voice surprisingly hoarse, and places his hands that have turned wrinkly from the water on the man's chest, starting to pound and count 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6... When he reaches thirty, he leans his head to the still unconscious man's face. He tips the blond's head back and without a second thought, connects their lips and breaths in his mouth two times, trying to empty his lungs entirely. Nothing happens.

George can feel the tears burning in the corners of his eyes as he starts compressing the chest again.

"Come on," he pleads, pushing more aggressively which makes the muscles around his arms burn and tremble.

Then, like a miracle, the man regains consciousness and starts coughing out sea water that spills from his lips and jaw to the sandy ground beside him. The dirty blond flutters his bloodshot eyes open and stares fiercely at George.

“Hi,” George mutters with an uncharacteristically gruff voice. He tries his best not to intimidate the other or make him spiral into panic. It’s enough that one of them can already feel the hysteria swimming in his veins and turning everything into ice. It doesn’t seem favorable for both of them to lose it.

The man looks at George with an indecipherable look. “Who-?”

“I’m George,” he immediately says and reaches his hand out for the other.

The dirty blond looks at the hand like it’s going to bite him, but eventually he grabs it nonetheless and gives it a firm squeeze.

“Dream,” the man rasps out with a challenging look burning in his yellow eyes.

# Hope

## Chapter Notes

tw: angst (I don't know, it's in the tags but just a heads up)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Dream,” the man rasps out with a challenging look burning in his yellow eyes.

Their hands flop back down from the grip and George awkwardly tugs his hand in the pocket of his shorts. He eyes Dream up and down, making notes of everything that has changed in such a short time: the way his dirty blond hair is ruffled and damp, clinging to his freckled cheeks, the redness around his sunflower-eyes and the fresh marks on his forehead and lip. He looks like a mess.

“Where are we?” Dream asks, rubbing his eyes with the heels of his palms. He’s risen to a cross legged seat on the sand and his gaze is painting over the shore, flickering a little when he sees the palm trees.

George shrugs. “I’m not that sure,” he mutters, following Dream’s gaze before returning back to look at the dirty blond. “Do you remember what happened?”

The confused look on Dream’s face is an answer enough, but Dream still asks “What?”

George looks down at his feet and the strangling feeling around his throat is back.

“What do you remember of the flight?”

Dream’s eyes widen and his lips part although not a word escapes them. After a beat of silence, Dream sighs.

“I remember... getting on the plane and- listening to music and then-” He looks at George through squinted eyes “-you came and said I had to move.”

George rolls his eyes at the choice of words but lets Dream continue.

“And then-” the silence stretches before any more words make their way between them “-*nothing*.”

“Shit,” George simply mutters and closes his eyes before looking up at the strikingly blue sky as if it could contain the answers.

“What do *you* remember?” Dream asks with a doubtful tone, eyebrows knitted together.

George takes a trembling breath in. “The turbulence- all the fucking shaking, the captain announcing there was a thunder storm, the airbags coming out and people...people *screaming* -” The look of Dream’s face is that of pure horror and it makes George swallow thickly “- everything



went dark after that.”

The only sound is the waves crashing onto the sand, some waves more violent, others barely audible, just a small lick on the trodden sand.

After a moment that feels like forever, Dream opens his mouth.

“Where are we then?” he asks, looking around once more.

George looks into the horizon, watching the sunlight bouncing on the gentle waves.

“An island,” he says but it comes out more as a question.

Dream doesn’t seem to comprehend the word, only shaking his head from side to side in rejection.

“I mean... we fell somewhere over the Indian ocean, right?” George asks, uncertainty evident in his words.

Dream doesn’t say anything, just shakes his head some more.

“So it’s gotta be an island, right?” George continues even though he hasn’t received an answer to the first question.

The dirty blond’s gaze is flickering from one place to another like a prey animal being surrounded by beasts. Like a poor rabbit cornered by a pack of wolves.

“No,” Dream whispers and looks at the sand now, nose scrunching in disgust “No, we’re not.”

*Okay, denial, cool.* “Maybe it’s connected to mainland?” George suggests, wanting to calm down the other.

“Yeah,” Dream whispers more to himself than George “Yeah, we just gotta walk a little and we’ll find the land.”

The hope in Dream’s voice is infectious and George finds himself holding onto it a little too harshly. Somehow he knows it’ll backfire.

“Okay, let’s walk then,” George states with a tiny smile making its way onto his face.

As they enter the deep green rainforest, George curses himself for choosing these shoes to wear on the plane. The worn-out shoes have changed in color since George bought them years ago. They have holes covering the worn fabric and the soles are a step away from giving in. George tries to look at the bright side which is the fact that they don’t give him splinters.

The terrain of the forest is rugged and they have to swipe away leaves and vines that get in their way every few seconds. George is walking behind Dream, switching his gaze between the soil and the dirty blond’s back. The sun is shining through the palm trees, making the heat even more insufferable. Salty beads of sweat are forming on his upper lip, sliding down until they make their way to his mouth, only worsening the dirty flavor lingering on his tongue.

It feels like hours have passed when George has to stop to catch his breath, lightheadedness making his vision blurry.

“Could we- “ George rests his sweaty hands on his bare knees and tries to inhale deeply “- please take a pause? I’m dying out here.”

Dream lets out a displeased groan. “We can’t stop, we gotta make it to the mainland.”

“Yeah, I *know* that,” George responds and takes a seat on a large brown root curving out of the earth like a cat’s bent back. It sways a little when George rests his weight on it but doesn’t break. “But we can sit for just a minute. The mainland’s gonna be there after that.” The last words come out a little hesitant and George hopes Dream doesn’t hear it.

The dirty blond stares into George’s eyes with a piercing look, lips tightly shut in a frown.

“What?” George asks, a little frustrated or maybe *a lot*.

Dream glances further into the thick forest before opening his mouth.

“If we don’t keep going now-” Dream’s voice is so strained, George cowers a little on his seat “- we’re gonna die of fucking dehydration. Is that what you want? You want us both to die here, in this fucking forest?” The volume of his words has risen to an almost growl and it makes George’s heart beat faster in his chest.

“Of course I don’t want to *die* !” George snaps, standing up from the root and lifting his chin in a defensive manner to meet the yellow eyes. “But what if there isn’t even any mainland? What if we’re fucking *stuck on an island* with no way out? What are you gonna do then, huh?”

Dream stares at George through flaming eyes, his fists clenching together until his knuckles are ivory. For a fleeting moment, George thinks Dream is going to punch him. He doesn’t make a move, just stands there waiting for the hit. But Dream doesn’t give it to him. Instead, he just turns in his heels and disappears between the trees, leaving George standing alone.

“Fuck,” George mutters and then louder “Wait!”

Dream doesn’t wait but George catches him and they continue walking in silence.

He doesn’t know when they lost the hope that had previously been prickling in both their bodies like a fire in the cold winter. Maybe it was when the forest just wouldn’t stop stretching further and further no matter how long they walked. Or maybe it was when George practically fainted from the combination of heat and dehydration. The unconsciousness didn’t last long and George was up on his feet in a matter of minutes. Dream had continued walking, not caring about his only companion leaving behind.

All George knows is that now when they are watching the limitless turquoise ocean from the other end of the island, he isn’t as surprised as he could be. They have walked all the way through this damn island and there’s nothing. George can feel his stomach dropping lower than it has ever dropped when he realizes what this means.

“We’re gonna die,” Dream says like he’s heard what George was thinking.

But George has never been one to quit that easily. He isn’t *ready* to quit, to die.

“No, we’re not. Rescue will come soon, we’ll just have to find- “ George looks around helplessly like the answer is in hand’s reach. “-water, we have to find *water*. ”

Dream is sitting on a grey stone on the shore now, looking at the passing waves with a neutral look painted on his strong features. George looks at his white shirt that's soaked with sweat and covered in red and brown marks. As soon as they started walking, Dream removed his blue hoodie and wrapped it around his waist where it's now decorating his body.

"Water, huh?" Dream asks and he sounds like he's about to laugh which makes rage burn inside of George "Where do you think we're gonna find some?"

George raises his hands in surrender and lets them flop back on the sides of his body because he doesn't have the strength to keep them up. He's so tired. And hungry. And thirsty.

"We haven't searched through the entire island," he suggests and peers between the trees. "There might be a spring or a stream or a pond or something."

Dream huffs, clearly unconvinced.

"Suit yourself," George says and turns to start walking back to the forest. A sense of relief washes over him when he hears the rustling of footsteps from behind him. Even though Dream isn't his preferred choice of company, he's *someone* and that's enough for now.

The heat is worse now, radiating its waves on anything and everything. It seeps into George's bones and melts them. His vision is blurry and his thoughts don't make sense anymore. Nothing makes sense. All the walking has made his feet numb, but he pushes on. Even though he doesn't have strength or energy, he still has his will to live. It's stronger than the urge to drop down on the ground and sink into the damp soil.

When George sees it, he thinks it's a mirage or a hallucination.

"Dream," he mutters and his voice cracks in the middle of the short word.

Dream hums indifferently from somewhere behind him.

"Are you seeing this?" George asks and every cell on his body is hoping he's not imagining things.

George feels Dream's presence before his eyes see his figure.

"Oh my-" Dream starts and doesn't finish his sentence, instead running towards the waterfall in front of them.

George falls on his knees on the rugged ground and starts crying because for a moment there he was convinced he was going to die. He thought his end was here. The tears glaze his eyes and make it impossible to see but George doesn't care. He lets them dance on his cheeks, fall down the heated skin and onto his fingers that are gripping the soil and the rubbery leaves on it.

"Come on!" Dream yells from somewhere and George nods, wiping the tears off his burning eyes.

The water is divine, it feels like bottled joy and relief when it hits George's hands. It's not a big waterfall but it's enough. The sound of the water streaming down the crooked stones and rock is buzzing in George's ears as he steps into the small pool of cool water there.

The water drizzles onto George's entire body, small drops catching the sunlight as they part from the stream. George stares at the waterfall and the water tumbling down the rocks. It looks like

liquid satin coating the silver hill and George has never seen anything better. He traces his fingertips through the glimmering bubbles forming around the edges of the pool until he grabs as much water as he can, bringing it to his lips that are cracking from the drought. It tastes as brilliant as it feels and George takes more and more until he is physically unable to drink any longer.

Dream is running his hands through now-wet hair and his face is glittering as the sunlight hits the streaks of water on his forehead and cheeks. He looks too good looking to exist on this planet and it makes George angry and he turns his gaze back at the waterfall. He wipes his wet hands across the hot skin on his forehead.

“Didn’t I tell you we wouldn’t die?” George asks after a while with a cocky smirk.

Dream huffs. “Just because we found water, doesn’t mean we won’t die,” he states with an unimpressed tone that makes the smirk disappear from George’s face. “We don’t even have any food.”

George shrugs his shoulders like it’s not a big deal. “We’ll just fish or find berries or some shit.”

The look Dream gives him is *I can’t believe I’m with someone this stupid*. “I don’t think that’s exactly how this works.”

“Why not?” George asks, the anger pooling in the pit of his stomach. “They did it in Lord of the flies, Robinson Crusoe, the Mysterious Island-” He’s about to continue but the look Dream gives him stops him. “English lit major,” George explains to Dream’s confusion.

Dream rolls his eyes. “Go figure.”

They end up walking for some time, trying to find something to eat. It’s not like George expected there to be bananas or coconuts just hanging off the tall palm trees. He knows that only happens in the movies. But he was hopeful to find *something*. As it turns out, islands aren’t a great source of food.

“Okay, so we’ll die then,” Dream says grimly when they’ve returned to the rushing waterfall.

George wraps his hands in front of his chest in deviance.

“We’re *not* dying,” he says all though the odds aren’t looking too good for them. “Rescue will come and until then.... we’ll just fish.”

Dream shoots George a grin that’s anything but joyous. “Oh, so you brought fishing equipment?” he asks, mocking astonishment.

“Well-” George looks at the ground before meeting the yellow eyes “ *No* , but how hard could it be to make some?”

The dirty blond sits down on the ground and lets his head drop to his knees. George feels himself softening a little at the sight of his obvious pain, but he realizes it’s a mistake when Dream says-

“Can you just shut the fuck up for a moment?”

George rolls his eyes and starts removing his shoes that are just gathering heat and sweat. Once having removed them, he takes a seat by the pool of water and drops his feet in the cool, sighing at the glorious feeling that sends sparks of pleasure up his spine.

The sky is turning into a dark shade of orange as the night creeps ever closer. Murky pink clouds swim lazily across the vast sky and remind George of the nights he spent in Maryland. His heart aches as he thinks of the people he met there. Willow and his shockingly blue eyes that always looked at him with undenyng affection and amazement.

The first time he saw Willow was in a small cafe in the downtown of Annapolis. George was sitting alone, clutching onto a hot cup of tea and wondering what he'd do next, where'd he go. The sky had been lividly pink like the red flowers George remembered from his childhood home. He had been staring at it through the scruffy window when Willow showed up next to him. The brilliant smile on his face made him look like an angel with his golden locks that fell just over his ears and tickled his nose when he turned to glance back at the people he was with.

"Hey," he said and George's interest peaked when he heard the softness of his voice that was velvet on his skin. But what George was focusing most on were the freckles that were scattered all around his face like someone had drawn the starry sky on his features. George was a sucker for freckles. He had noticed this when every person he slept with was adorned with the familiar brown spots. Maybe it was because he loved tracing them with his fingertips or that he found them somehow very mysterious. All he knows is that they make his stomach drop and his head swim with unholy scenarios.

"Hi," George had responded with an aching smile, a hint of nervousness swirling in his stomach at the sight of such an attractive person in front of him.

Willow stared at George for a while before chuckling and asking "Would you, erm, want to maybe join us? I noticed that you were sitting alone which is, um, *cool* of course and maybe you have a date or something. Wow, really rude of me to just assume you're alone."

George cut off Willow's nervous blabbering with "I'd love to join you."

That night, after one too many shots of something that burned his throat and made him less calculative, George revealed that he didn't have a place to stay. Willow had shot him a look of pure elation and suggested he come stay with Willow at his loft.

"Of *course*, you have a loft," George had laughed and touched Willow's hand so briefly and innocently that it could've been mistaken for an accident. But they both knew it was deliberate and Willow smiled wider than George had ever seen someone smile. Safe to say, they shared the bed that night. And the night after that. And the night after that.

It was easy with Willow, everything about him reassuring and loving. But then the two-week landmark came up and George felt the familiar pull in his body. *You don't belong here.*

It was fucked up, the way George left Willow. He couldn't face his ocean eyes and dozens of freckles so he wrote him a note instead and left before Willow woke up, his throat clenching in pain as he walked down the road that was quiet except for the sound of his footsteps on the asphalt.

Now George feels the pain fresh again like it has just happened. But he is used to it, so he can take it.

"We should probably make a fire," George suggests, coughing the matter that has formed in his throat.

Dream perches his head up from where it's resting on the green ground. The look he gives George is again filled with anger and frustration and something George can't for the life of him make out.

"And how do you suppose we do that?"

The darkness is forming shadows around the forest and George is trailing them with his eyes.

"Don't you just rub some stones together to make sparks. It should be simple enough."

As it turns out, making a fire *isn't* that simple. After hours of trying, Dream gives up and throws the two stones into the waterfall. They make a silent plopping sound when they drop underneath the surface of the water and Dream grunts.

"So there's no fire, no food, *nothing* ," Dream practically hisses through his teeth.

George tries to find solutions, his brain overheating from all the thinking.

After a while, George gives up and sighs. "Let's just go to sleep," he says even though he knows he won't be sleeping tonight.

George stares up at the now pitch-black sky that's dazzled with striking silver stars. He has made a "pillow" for himself that rests under his head so that he doesn't have to rest against the hard rocks and twigs that trail across the soil. It's not a pillow, of course, but his cotton t-shirt. The night is warm enough to spend shirtless and George couldn't care less if Dream sees him. The distant sound of waves crashing against sand echoes through the palm trees and soothes George's anxiety that has been sky-rocketing for the past 12 hours. As much as he loves adventure and seeks it with all he is, this is a bit much - being stranded on an island. It's not like he has never thought about this: it has passed through his mind every time he has been on a plane or when he has been reading a book with similar occurrences. But has he actually thought this could happen to him? No. Definitely not.

As George tries to adjust his body on the hard land, he starts wondering, for what must be the hundredth time today, when the rescue will come. He wonders if it's already on the papers: ***Plane crashes in the middle of the Indian ocean - passengers missing*** . But George is convinced of the fact that help *will* come and he *will* be saved. A thought pops into his head and once it's there, he can't stop trailing back to it. *What will his parents think?* George hasn't seen them for - god, *years*. He imagines what his mother's face will look like when she gets the call notifying her that his son, *only* son, has been in a plane crash and is now missing. It makes George's heart feel like it's being compressed into a tight space and for a moment, he doesn't know how to breathe.

But the thought that comes after, peeking from the shadows with its ugly face and fangs that are laced with poison, is overpowering. *Will they care?* He knows he shouldn't be asking himself these questions but with everything that happened, how could he not? Somewhere deep down he wants to believe that his mother will be heartbroken and sad but over that there are piles and piles of uncertainty and memories of the way she looked at him - like a stranger, like something repulsive.

George shifts to lay on his left side, gazing at the waterfall. He can feel the tears burning when they appear on the corners of his eyes like unwelcome visitors. With one quick movement, George

is up on his feet and striding towards the sound of the distant waves of the ocean. The rocks and sticks on the ground shoot stinging pain up his legs as he steps on them with his bare feet, but he doesn't care. Every attempt at calming down the ruthless storm that's raging in him fails and he walks faster until his feet feel like they are moving without him needing to say a word. His feet take him to the shore where he stares into the black sea that stretches further than his eyes can see. George drops on the sand and lets himself crumble into pieces because there is no one to look at him, no one to give him judgemental glances or *worse*, worried ones. He can simply lie here on the soft sand that still has the memory of the sun's warmth on it.

When George has calmed down enough to breathe steady breaths, he starts tracking back to their "camp" in the forest. He takes note of every detail he sees which all look grim in the purple color of the night. The moonlight paints streaks of white along some of the trees and George traces them with his fingertips, mesmerized by the silvery gleam amidst the darkness. George wonders if this is what people that live their lives in nature feel like: in continuous awe of the way things appear without human's altering touch. He has seen many things in his life: the atmospheric glens and dramatic coastlines of Scotland, the gaping fjords in Norway with waters that are comparable to mirrors, the striking orange and brown canyons in Arizona, but this still succeeds in leaving him at a loss of words. He can feel the wholeness and purity of this island as a vibration that courses through his veins like a drug. He feels like he's intruding a sacred space - like he's in the Pope's bedroom or smearing his hands over the pages of the Declaration of Independence. It leaves him humbled and grateful even if he desperately wants to leave.

In the morning sun, George watches intently as Dream finally opens his eyes and yawns with a loud sigh. When Dream notices George, he flinches a little but quickly covers it with a displeased look that George now knows to be the status quo of his face.

"D'you sleep?" he asks, rubbing his eyes with his fingertips and rolling his head from side to side to stretch his neck.

George considers what to answer and eventually finds that there is no point in lying.

"No," he states bluntly.

Dream doesn't look too shocked about this and merely grunts as he rises to his feet and walks over to the water that is sparkling from the sun rays hitting the surface.

"No rescue or anything," George mentions as he continues what he has been doing for probably hours: tracing shapes on the deep brown soil with a tiny stick. "If you were wondering."

"Wasn't," Dream mutters and chucks his shirt away as he starts tossing water on his body from the dribbling stream. Despite knowing it's not good and he shouldn't be doing it, George can't help but glance at the dirty blond's body. He lets out an audible grunt. *Of course he's fucking ripped.* He quickly turns his attention back to the soil which brings up an idea.

"Maybe we could write 'SOS' or something on the beach," he suggests, looking at the man once again. "Isn't that what people always do in movies and stuff?"

Dream's eyes are closed as he washes his face before looking at George.

"This isn't a fucking movie," he simply answers.

If George hates something, it's rude people. He has met countless on his journeys so he likes to think that he has formulated somewhat of a tolerance for them. Dream proves him wrong. With tightly shut lips, George squeezes his hands into fists and imagines what it would look like when George's knuckle would sink into the frown on Dream's stupid, arrogant, idiotic, freckle-painted face.

Through grinding teeth, George says "I'm just trying to figure out how to survive."

Dream has stopped washing himself and is pulling his shirt on over his head now. As soon as it makes contact with his skin, it gets dotted with wet splotches.

"Good for you," he says in a sarcastic voice and gives a thumbs up. George thinks there are actual flames growing from his skin by now. They burn like hell and he wants to bathe Dream with them, watch his face scrunch in agony.

"Fuck you," George mutters under his breath, just loud enough for Dream to hear and shoot him a grin. Without a second thought, George starts running between the trees, away from Dream.

Just the name *Dream* is making his sizzling flames grow twice in size until he is swallowed by their light. Who the fuck is named *Dream*? Who the hell would be that fucking arrogant and smug? He wants to scream and growl, but he doesn't want to give the blond any indication that he has had an impact on him. That's how he'd win. George can't let him win. So, like the smart college-graduate he is, George punches a tree. He immediately regrets it as the red hot pain sparks up from his knuckle all the way to his shoulder and back. *Fuck*, he hisses and cradles the hand with his other one. George's entire arm is now pulsating from the pain and the skin that was in contact with the tree is turning from a bright red to a disgustingly bluish color. *Fuck*, George mutters one more time as if it could magically make the pain go away. It doesn't.

The back of George's shirt is clinging to his skin from the heat and humidity. George inhales and exhales, the pain having calmed down a little as seconds, minutes, *hours* pass by making room for the grumbling of his stomach that won't leave him alone. He thinks he's ready to eat anything by this point, if there only *was* something to eat. Images of every possible delicious treat swim through his head and he tries to get rid of them, but it's useless. A rustling sound from his side perks him up and he stares into the direction of the voice. After a beat of silence Dream walks up through the thick leaves with his usual look that now that George thinks about it, makes him look like he's got a stick up his ass at all times.

"Hey," Dream says and for a fleeting moment George thinks he's going to apologize and tell him to come with him, but then Dream just says "Thought you had died or something."

The words lack any concern, relief or emotion for that matter. They are said like you would tell someone 'the store was closed' or that 'we're out of potatoes', not life or death -matters.

"Well- " George awkwardly flings his hands to his sides, wincing a little as his bruised hand moves. Either Dream doesn't notice it or just doesn't care because his gaze stays neutral. "- I'm alive."

Dream rolls his eyes and looks so done with this conversation. It's one of the few things George can agree with.

"Yeah, I can see that," the dirty blond says, still annoyingly neutral.

They fall silent, just staring at each other with something that can only be described as mutual



resentment.

Then,

“Did you have something or can I go away?” George asks with a sigh, hoping he comes across just as annoying as Dream.

Dream stares through squinted eyes before answering “No, you can go fuck off.”

The choice of words is surprising enough to throw George off for a moment and he takes a few steps back, tripping on a root on the ground. Dream doesn't make a move to help him retrieve his balance, but George doesn't mind it, he's used to helping himself. Once having steadied himself, he turns on his heels and starts walking in another direction, thinking of witty comebacks seconds too late. *I didn't come here, you did, you little shit. You can fuck off.*

He wanders around the depths of the forest before he reaches the shore. Taking a seat on one of the grey and pink stones, George tries to calm down. His head is buzzing and his knuckle is still aching, the pain coming in similar waves as the tides of the ocean. He traces the red cuts and the colorful bruises of his hand with his fingertips, wincing a little as he grazes along a particularly painful spot. The palm trees aren't giving him any shade and he can feel his pale skin burning, but what can he do? The situation isn't much better in the forest where the humidity surrounds him and nearly makes him suffocate in the air. So he stays, watches as the turquoise water licks the velvety yellow sand, coloring it a darker shade before retreating to the great mass of blue. There's something hypnotizing about it and after what's probably hours, George finds himself almost dissolving into the movement, like he isn't a living, breathing human-being anymore. He is one with the sea. A bubble on the sea foam. A glimmer on the blue surface.

Shadows are starting to appear along the shore, spreading wider and wider until the relieving shade reaches his feet. George sighs and gets up from the stone's flat surface. He chooses to walk along the sand where he doesn't need to wear his shoes. The soft sand wraps around his toes and makes him shudder as he takes the sneakers off and grabs them in his other hand. If possible, the cool waves feel even better and George starts walking along the waterline, hissing a little when he steps onto stone pebbles. The sound of waves hitting his shins is calming and he tries to muster up the energy to keep going. When George tries to count how long it's been since he ate, his brain doesn't function and he can't get a better answer than *too long*.

After having walked for some time, George senses someone else's presence not too far away from him behind the palm trees and it makes his heart beat faster and the hairs in the back of his neck rise up like they are trying to protect George. With a few careful steps, George meets eyes with the familiar blond who rolls his eyes at the sight of George. Dream is sitting between two tall trees, a stick in one hand and a sharp-looking stone in the other. His white shirt is wrapped around his head like a turban. The skin around his stomach and chest looks somehow even tanner than it looked in the morning with small hairs a shade darker than the hair on Dream's head trailing down his pecks and abdomen, disappearing under the waistband of his khaki shorts.

“What are you doing?” George asks, forcing himself to look into Dream's eyes when every thought in his head is urging him to look down south.

Dream just scoffs and asks “What does it look like?”

*Fucking asshole.* “It looks like you’re sharpening a stick.”

Dream hums and continues the motion, the tip of the stick sharpening with every glide of the grey stone.

George leaves the comfort of the sea and walks over to Dream, taking a seat at a safe distance. The sound of his breathing gets muffled by the murmuring of the waves in front of the two.

“So what are you sharpening a stick for?” George asks, only a little scared he is planning to poke George with it.

But Dream just shrugs and says “To fish.”

This is slowly becoming the worst conversation George has ever had, even beating the one he had with his parents when he told them about his boyfriend. George wants to leave, but where the hell can he leave on this bloody island? He wishes he’d be alone. Yes. That would be a million times better than this.

“We should probably try making a fire again,” George mutters looking down at his feet.

When Dream only hums, George continues. “So we could make a bonfire or something that will make it more visible to the rescue that we’re here. Like they did in Lord of the flies.”

As George glances in Dream’s direction, he notices the small shift that’s occurred with the words: the way a muscle in his jaw is flexing and his hands are holding tighter to the rock which makes thicker shreds of wood fall on his bare feet. George chooses to ignore it.

“Or maybe we could, I don’t know, try sending a message some other way,” he continues, keeping his gaze fixated on Dream who is sharpening the brown stick with more and more force.

George swallows. “And we should probably sleep here tonight so that we’ll be able to spot the ship or plane when it comes.”

The stick breaks with a loud cracking sound that bounces off the trees and makes George’s breath hitch for a moment.

“Are you fucking stupid or something?” Dream growls, tossing the two pieces of the stick in the water where they float and tumble as the waves hit them. “We are in the middle of fucking nowhere! How can you not see that? There are literally over 7000 islands just in the Philippines and this fucking island is a tiny, invisible dot in the endless ocean. And how many people were in that plane, huh?” The look Dream gives George is blazing hot, ashes withering around the yellow. “Dozens of people who probably... who... who’ve *died*. And we’re gonna die here just as well. So don’t try to bullshit me. Don’t say ‘oh, but they’ll save us’ cause you know what? They won’t.”

As Dream ends his monologue and gets up to presumably go search for more sticks, George feels his throat closing and the panic entering his bones like the bitter coldness of the Nordic winter. He blinks the tears off before they get to fall down his cheeks, because *fuck, he’d be damned before he showed Dream that.*

Of course he has thought of what Dream just said; about the amount of islands there are and the other passengers. His heart clenches unbelievably tight in his chest when he thinks about the children, *babies* for fuck’s sake, that are now stranded somewhere. George doesn’t want to let himself believe he and Dream don’t have any hope. But it’s really hard and it’s taking all his energy which he doesn’t even have to begin with. George buries his head between his palms and wishes more than he has ever wished for anything in his life that this is not real, that he is having a

nightmare that just won't stop.

But when George lifts his head from his palms and looks up, the familiar island with its deep green palm trees and relentless sea greet him.

## Chapter End Notes

Heyy!

I don't know why I love writing fights but I kinda do, I hope it comes across realistic. I'm trying to figure out how long my chapters are going to be and how often I'll post. It would be great if you could comment your thoughts: Do you prefer longer chapters like once a week or do you prefer shorter ones a little more frequently? I'm cool with both.

Comments and kudos are greatly appreciated.

For updates on my works/if you wanna be friends:

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# Enemies

## Chapter Notes

tw: fainting (if you think something should be mentioned, please let me know)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

But when George lifts his head from his palms and looks up, the familiar island with its deep green palm trees and relentless sea greet him.

Eventually Dream is able to make a fire on the beach. As it turns out, George's advice was shit and Dream just had to figure it out himself.

"Now all we need is food," George mutters, more to himself than Dream.

The dirty blond still grunts. "Feel free to try and catch some fish," he replies with a strained voice that makes George's pulse quicken.

"Aren't you the one who's making sticks and shit?" George asks, gritting his teeth as he continues tracing circles on the sand next to his feet.

Dream huffs but doesn't say anything more.

The fire is blazing and it makes popping sounds every time moisture hits the sparkling orange flames. Night is arriving, bringing with it the familiar shadows that stripe Dream and George's skin. The hunger has made George feel sick, constant pain piercing his stomach and shooting through his temples. George stares lazily as Dream grabs one of his now-sharpened sticks and trails to the shore, the gentle waves painting his toes.

"What's the plan, Dream?" George asks with a sigh. The 'Dream' comes out bitter and George hopes Dream notices it.

The dirty blond turns to gaze at George with a sour look. "Can you shut up for a fucking minute?" he begs and turns back to stare at the shallow waters.

George exhales sharply through his nose and lays back on the sand to stare up at the sky. The palm leaves are covering most of it, but through the green leaves, George can see some of the dark blue with silver glittering stars. The full-moon is a bright dot looming on the navy blue, looking after George as he likes to think.

"Dream?" George asks. Maybe it's because of the tiredness or the loneliness but he craves connection to someone and even though he's fairly certain Dream can't give him that, he's willing to try.

A sound between a hum and a scoff leaves Dream's lips as he continues tracing his eyes on the water, hoping to catch food for the two.

"Why were you on the plane?" George asks. He's been wondering this for a while and it seems like

a good, safe question. *Seems* is the key word because as it turns out, he fucked up.

Dream raises his gaze from where it was locked on the ground and looks at George with fiery eyes. The bonfire is painting his face a bright orange, features clear to see.

“Just because we’re on this fucking island together doesn’t mean I want to get to know you,” he practically growls at George. “If it’s up to me, we wouldn’t say a damn word to each other.”

George feels himself cowering under Dream’s burning gaze and his harsh words. He hates it.

“Right, sure,” George mutters and turns his gaze back on the starry sky, the view fuzzy because of the tears glazing his eyes. He starts repeating the mantra in his head that’s become a little too familiar in the past days. *Fucking inconsiderate asshole. You’re so rude, such a fucking idiot.*

Eventually Dream catches a fish, but they are both too exhausted to even get excited about it. George however helps Dream cook the pink bait.

“This is really fucking small,” George mutters as he turns the fish around on the structure he has made out of sticks and palm leaves. It’s shit but it seems to be working.

Dream huffs. He’s laying on the sand, propped up on his elbows and gaze set on the infinite black sea.

“Sorry,” he says sarcasm dripping from every syllable “Unfortunately I don’t control the fish.”

“D’you even know if this is poisonous or not?” George asks and watches as the orange flames lick the fish’s bright scales, turning them a darker shade with every touch.

The dirty blond rises to a cross legged seat on the sand. “It’s fish. It’s *food*. Does it really make a difference if it’s poisonous or not?”

Before George knows it, he’s turned 180 to face Dream.

“Does it make a difference? I know you have some kind of fucking death wish, but you don’t have to drag me with you.”

Silently, almost a whisper, Dream mutters “I don’t have a death wish.”

George ignores it and goes to remove the fish from its place on the DIY-rack.

It’s not good and there’s not a lot of it, but the fish still gets rid of the worst edge of hunger. After eating, they go to sleep under the few palm trees from where they can still see the sea. George is tired, more tired than he has been in his life, but he still can’t fall asleep. He twists and turns on his spot, readjusts his t-shirt-pillow time after time, but he’s wide awake. What makes it even more insufferable is the soft snoring coming from Dream’s end that makes George beyond frustrated.

Ultimately George gives up and leaves the spot. Walking around the dark forest, George thinks about everything that brought him where he currently is - on this damn island. He almost laughs out loud when he remembers how he made this decision.

It was the day after he had left Willow. He was staying at a scruffy motel just outside Annapolis. The sound of occasional sirens heard through the windows and made George anxious as he tried to plan his next location. By this time he had gathered enough money to travel somewhere far and

that was exactly what he was longing for - some place where he wouldn't meet any familiar faces. A fresh start. But where to go? The wrinkled map that had a coffee stain covering most of India was full of new places.

"Fuck it," George muttered to himself and used his left hand to cover his eyes. With his other hand he picked a random spot on the paper, his nail almost digging through the surface. Once having blinked open his eyes, he saw what he was pointing at and a thrilling feeling surged in his body: *Australia*.

George stumbles on a stone on the dark land and grabs a nearby tree for support.

"A fucking coincidence," he whispers to himself, anger and frustration making his head spin. That night he could've picked any place on Earth and he picked Australia. It feels like a punishment of some sort but George doesn't know what he has done wrong; what sin he should regret and be ashamed about. So, he starts going through his entire life in his head, all the bad things he has done. Maybe it's because of that time he called a teacher an asshole when he was 10 or maybe it's because of when he broke his mother's favorite vase and lied about it. But could he really be judged this much because of some stupid thing he did as a child? Everyone does dumb things, that's how people learn not to do them.

Of course there's that one thing in the back of his mind, always sending small shocks of shame and guilt down his spine, but even that's not as severe as it could be. George has never been one to believe strongly in God or in anything supernatural. Too many things make him doubtful to the point where he can't even imagine laying all his faith in something so substantial.

George feels the sand under his feet before he sees the ocean. He has walked all the way through this island, too deep in thought to even comprehend his steps. With a sigh, George slumps down on the soft sand and stares into the pitch-black that is the sea. There's something profoundly terrifying about it, about the dark, seemingly endless sea. It looks as though it carries in it all the mysteries of the world and George thinks that something terrible would have to happen for him to step in its depths.

George is already growing used to the sound of waves crashing onto land, the sound now more of a muffled background noise. George doesn't like growing used to things because it gives them the opportunity to lurk up on him when he least expects them to and stab him in his weakest spots. He is deadly afraid of getting used to this island, to *Dream*. Without noticing it, George has clenched his fists together in the sand and small particles of it are scraping his skin. The sea foam is just barely touching his toes but it still sends shivers down George's back.

When the dark sky starts to turn a shade lighter, George gets up and turns to walk back to Dream. On the way, he tries to toughen himself up so that Dream can't get under his skin. It's not something George is especially good at. He's good at bottling up his feelings, but eventually they make it to the surface like an ancient volcano, destroying everything good he has built.

With time, George and Dream start to get in the groove of things. Dream fishes and George prepares the food. If they weren't sworn enemies, George would make a joke about the domestic aspect of their relationship. Almost every conversation they have starts and ends with bickering about something stupid the other has done. Deep down George wishes they could have civil conversations, but he has long ago accepted that that's not going to happen for them, and he's okay with it. Despite Dream's harsh mocking comments, George has begun preparing signals to

encourage their rescue. He makes sure the fire is always burning bright and he tries his best to enhance the smoking by adding dry leaves and sticks as often as he can. He has also started making huge 'SOS' arrangements from stones on the beaches. So far he has three signs that are scattered around the island's shores. When George made the first one, him and Dream got into an argument about its effectiveness.

"A: No one's going to come to this island, B: even if a helicopter or something flies over this, they're not going to see those tiny stones and C: they are most likely going to get washed away with the tide," Dream explained as he was carving more sticks, cursing every once in a while when the tip broke.

George rolled his eyes. "Can you stop for a *fucking minute* being so grim about this?" he asked with a strained voice that sounded as though it would crack any minute now. "I'm trying to get us saved and if you don't have any better ideas, could you stop mocking the ones I have?"

Another stick broke and Dream raised his gaze to George. "You are an idiot if you think these are going to get us anywhere."

George raised his hands to his sides. "Maybe I am but at least I'm doing something about this and not whining about us being stranded!"

The look Dream gave George was all ice. "I'm not doing anything? I'm the one who fucking fishes for hours every day so that we can eat and won't die."

"And that's gonna help us get rescued how?"

Dream was fuming by this point and so was George.

"What the fuck are you saying? If we don't eat, we'll die and it won't matter if rescue comes!"

"So you're saying we should just wait here for someone to find us? And not do shit about it?" George asked, not breaking eye contact for a single second.

"I'm saying, it's highly unlikely that anyone's gonna find us and if they will, it won't be because of your shitty arts and crafts on the beach."

At that point, George had had enough and to refrain from punching the living shit out of the blond, he left to go to the forest. The water fountain has become his sanctuary by this point and that's where he goes every time he's had enough of Dream. Safe to say he spends most his time there.

"We should make a shelter," George announces one day when they are eating fish on the sand. He has eaten so much fish that it almost makes him sick when he eats it. If he ever gets out of this island, he swears he will never eat anything that comes out of the sea again.

Dream shoots George one of his *you are being an idiot* -looks that George hates to his core. "Why would we do that?"

George rolls his eyes. "We're gonna be staying here for some time, aren't we?" He thinks about the markings Dream has started making on the trees, counting days they've spent here. When George told Dream he was being dramatic, the dirty blond huffed and muttered something along the lines of 'see who's laughing when we've been here a fucking year'.

"What if a storm comes?" George continues looking up at the cloudless sky that isn't helping him

make his point. It's been all sun for the past days and it's been killing George. He misses the rainy days in England and the powdery snow in Sweden.

Dream looks like he really wants to argue with George about this, but he just settles for "How were you thinking we'd make *shelter*?" The last word comes out sounding like an insult.

"Umm..." George hasn't thought this far. Pictures of fancy treehouses make their way to his mind, but he knows he isn't some Bob the builder and Dream sure as hell isn't either. "Sticks and palm leaves?"

So, after almost an entire day of building, cursing as the leaves and sticks create splinters and cuts on their skin, they've finally got something someone might call 'shelter'.

"That's shit," Dream mutters as they stand a little further away to take a look at their creation.

George tilts his head and tries to remember what their plan for this was because it definitely no longer represents that. They have dug holes on the golden sand where they have poked sticks at an angle to form a small a-frame. On top of the sticks they have laid the largest palm tree leaves they could find, attaching them with more sticks and rocks on the ground. If they look at it through squinted eyes, it sort of looks like a tent.

"Now we have to make yours," George says and starts tracing a shape on the sand a little way from his 'tent'.

Dream just stands on his ground. "Wait, we're making two?"

After finishing the sketch, George lifts his face to meet Dream's confused expression.

"Of course," he replies with an eye roll. "I'm not sleeping in the same thing as you."

Dream makes a grossed out -face, poking his tongue out. "I wasn't suggesting that," he quickly retorts. "I just thought we would switch or something."

"No, we're not doing that," George states and leaves to go to the forest to find more resources.

For the first time in too many days, George actually catches some sleep, if only for a few hours. The shelter was a good idea, George knows that now. As much as he wants to think he's the kind of guy to sleep under the stars without effort, he isn't. He needs his space and the feeling of safety - even if it's a false feeling at that. When he wakes up at dawn, he stares at the sky through the slots between the leaves on the roof of the tent. The sunshine forces him to squint but he still traces his eyes on the lazily passing clouds that drift out of sight. It all takes him to the nights he spent in his youth in his friend's house.

They spent nearly every summer from 10 to 16 together. George slept over at his friend's, Adrian's, place more than he did back at his own, which luckily was okay with his parents. They didn't have a reason to suspect it would be anything but innocent. And it wasn't anything but innocent- *at first*. Adrian was like the sun: George couldn't take his eyes off of him even though the brightness would be piercing at times. When Adrian walked into a room, he lit it up with one smile. At first George was jealous about it, but as time went by and he got to know Adrian - the good and the bad - he couldn't be anything but happy for him.



Their favorite thing to do together was watch every movie they could find in the movie rental at their nearby mall and rage about most of the characters and how their only character traits were being shitty.

“That doesn’t even make any fucking sense!” Adrian yelled at George when they finished watching Wizard of Oz for the umpteenth time because Adrian couldn’t get enough of it. “You can’t call Hickory useless, he fucking carries this movie!”

George was laughing so hard he thought his ribs would snap in half.

“First Judy Garland and now this,” he managed to say between his chuckles.

Adrian wiped the amber hair that had flopped onto his forehead to the side. He could just barely tug it behind his ear. The colorful fairy lights that were attached to the upper posters of his canopy bed colored Adrian’s face as George laid his back down on the soft mattress. Adrian’s comforter had a giant picture of ET and George loved it more than anything.

“What time ’s it?” George asked and grabbed a pillow to lay under his head. It was lumpy and George’s head sunk into it but he didn’t care.

Adrian shuffled to glance at his alarm clock. “Shit, it’s three.”

They looked at each other for a beat and bursted into more laughing that was intensified because of their sleep deprived state.

Adrian’s dad worked night shifts at the hospital which allowed him and George to spend entire nights binge-watching movies and laughing as loud as they wanted. Adrian’s mother had passed away when Adrian was just 5-years-old and George didn’t know him yet.

“You want more Jaffa cakes?” Adrian asked with a crooked grin that made George’s stomach feel weird. He didn’t think too much about it.

George nodded. “God, yes.”

As Adrian disappeared downstairs, George changed into pajamas and grabbed his blanket that was on the ground on a checkered spare mattress. Adrian’s dad always prepared a bed for George on the ground, not knowing George hadn’t slept there for years. It was much nicer to sleep on the same bed: they could discuss without so much effort and give each other playful smacks that turned into wrestling matches.

Adrian showed up at the door a few minutes later with two packets of Jaffa cakes and some crisps.

“Gimme, gimme!” George pleaded and Adrian jumped on the bed which made a loud creaking sound at the added weight.

As they ate away the treats, Adrian asked how the exam that day had gone.

“Shit, as usual,” George muttered and pushed a fistful of crisps into his mouth. The words coming muffled because of how full his mouth was, he asked “Whaddaboutyou?”

Adrian chuckled and wiped his salt-covered fingers on his comforter. “It was okay.”

“You’re so full of shit,” George said when he had swallowed the mouthful. “You’re gonna get an A like always.”

Adrian grinned and tried to hide it behind a biscuit. “No, not *always*. ”

It always drove George crazy when Adrian pretended he wasn't the smart ass he so obviously was. For as long as George remembered, Adrian had been the best in class if not in the entire school, earning him a somewhat of a title of being a nerd. Thankfully no one bullied him for it, but sometimes George could see the label bothered him.

The Jaffa cakes and crisps were out embarrassingly soon and they both laid down on the bed, shoulder to shoulder watching the ceiling.

“George?” Adrian asked. There was something hidden in his voice and George turned to look at him. The look on the boy's face was mysterious. His eyes were fixed on the ceiling like he was trying to solve a math equation.

“What?”

Adrian shifted to his side to face George. “Do you believe in soulmates?”

The question caused George to burst into a fit of laughter. “Like Titanic or-?”

A punch on the brunet's shoulder cut him off. “No, idiot, like in real life?”

George gazed up at the ceiling again and thought of the question. He could feel Adrian's gaze on him.

“I don't know,” George muttered and sighed. “I guess.”

When Adrian didn't say anything, George turned to look at him and asked “You?”

They were close enough where George could see the freckles on the bridge of his nose and just below his eyes. They looked like he had accidentally dusted coco powder on his nose and George was overcome with an urge to trace each and every one of the dots.

Adrian just hummed and stared into George's eyes with his turquoise ones.

“Adrian?” George asked again and nudged his shoulder a little.

“I- yeah, maybe,” he said and George felt his warm breath on his skin. He tried to ignore it as best as he could.

George attempted to grin as he asked “Got a girl on sight?” Something was shifting uncomfortably in his abdomen but he blamed it on the countless Jaffa cakes.

“No,” Adrian hummed.

George shot him a confused look. “Do you-”

His question was cut mid-way through when Adrian's lips settled on his. George stayed very still with eyes blown wide open as he tried to grasp what was happening. It didn't take long for Adrian to pull away with a flushed face.

“Fuck,” the blue-eyed boy muttered and touched his lips with his fingertips. George stared at the action, confusion throbbing in his head. “Sorry, sorry, George. I don't know what-”

This time George was the one that cut Adrian off, planting his lips on Adrian's and kissing like his life depended on it. Adrian returned it excitedly, enthusiastically. His hands found George's hair

and pulled him closer and closer until they were flushed together. George smiled against the kiss because it felt so right. It felt the most right he had ever felt in his life.

The light flowing through the cracks has increased when George blinks his eyes open and tries to separate reality from his memories. The reality comes crashing down, weighing the same amount as the pounds and pounds of water and sand around him. He closes his eyes tightly shut, trying to pretend this isn't happening. Eventually it's the sound of Dream waking up that causes George to yawn and retreat from his safe haven.

Despite this being an awful situation that George hates, there are some perks to getting stranded on an island. Like the feeling of utter serenity because there is quite literally not a single sound around except for the crashing of waves and the faint rustling of leaves as the wind teases them. Also, George doesn't *hate* the way he can walz around the island without a care in the world of what others might think. Maybe he won't dance around Dream stark-naked but he still has his freedom. All in all, he could have it worse. That's what he's always repeated to himself in times of distress: *you could have it worse*. When he's been practically homeless, having to sleep at sketchy bus stops and train stations without enough money to pay for food, he *could* have it worse. When he lost all his belongings including his passport and plane tickets on the roads of Amsterdam, he *could* have it worse. And now that he is stranded on an island without a way out, only company a man that hates him so passionately it burns, he *could* have it worse. He has his serenity and privacy.

The sunshine dances on George's skin when he lays on the fluffy sand, feeling the cool water tickle his toes. He is using his hands for shade, covering his eyes with them, so he doesn't see Dream walk up on him.

"Y'know, you're gonna get skin cancer," the dirty blond points out and George flinches. As he looks up at Dream, he is met with a god-like figure: his exposed upper body looking like it belongs to an ancient Greek statue of a god and the sunlight making his features glow almost as if he's wearing a halo. It's so out of character that George chuckles out loud. He's always thought of Dream more as the devil.

"D'you honestly suppose I give a shit?" the brunet asks, a grin still evident on his face as he tries to see Dream's features more clearly by angling the hand he's using for shade.

Dream stares at George through squinted eyes for a while before in a poor mimic of George's accent he says "No, I *suppose* not."

Then he disappears out of view and George goes back to doing what he's so good at - avoiding reality.

Days melt together under the sizzling sun and if Dream wasn't counting, George couldn't say how long he's been here. The island has become his new home and he loves and hates how poetic it all makes him sound. He keeps imagining things he would be doing in the 'real world'. In the mornings he imagines going for a walk, the faint scent of rain in the air as he strides on the asphalt. He imagines the smell of coffee in a crowded coffee shop, the people's faces and the continuous chattering. During lunchtime, he imagines going to a restaurant or cooking food for himself,

anything but fish. Against his better judgement he has also started fantasizing about being with someone, being held and kissed and loved. He imagines the feeling of hands around his waist, the sensation of soft lips on his milky skin. Those are the thoughts that make him most frustrated because it somehow seems like the most unlikely thing to happen. He can imagine drinking coffee on this island, feeling the bitterness bite his tongue. He can imagine eating something other than fish here. But for the life of him he can't imagine someone's hands on his body. Maybe it's because there's no one else but Dream who could do that. And that's unimaginable. Unbelievable. *Unrealistic* .

Humans can become accustomed to the most obscure scenarios. George knows that now as he sinks his hands into the pool of water on the bottom of the waterfall. He brushes his wet fingers on his face and runs them through his overgrown hair, staring mindlessly at his reflection as he does this. The sun has painted his skin with red splotches and freckles, but the porcelain white skin still remains. It's the seventh day on the island, a whole week stranded with Dream. George is unable to wrap his head around the number because it feels too big and far too small all at the same time. The pointy edges of the leaves of bushes poke George as he walks through his familiar pathway that isn't a proper pathway, but it's been stomped on enough times to show a trail of sorts. Rays of sunlight peek through the palm leaves and George squints as they hit his eyes.

When he arrives at the shore, George instinctively gazes at the sea that's reflecting the blue of the sky, silhouettes of faint clouds painted on the gently swaying waves. George stands there for a while because he doesn't have anything else to do - he has probably spent way too many hours just staring at the sea as if a ship would appear if he just looked long enough. But nothing ever appears. Not until now.

After staring at different shades of blue and yellow and what George knows to be green for so long, any other pop of color draws George's attention and now the pink color almost makes him shudder. He walks closer, feet sinking into the sand as he takes a couple steps. George kneels down on the shore, just a few feet away from the water and stares at the object that's been washed up on the beach. It's a pink backpack. A small one. Small enough to fit a child. Tears strangle George's throat as he grabs the soaked piece of fabric and pulls it closer to have a look. The backpack has a picture of a cat on it, whiskers and ears made from a darker shade of pink. Its straps are worn out and they look like someone's held onto them tightly. On the top of the backpack George sees the plastic-covered name tag from where he can just barely make out the name: Ella. Now the hot tears finally start flowing down George's face and he clutches the backpack to his chest, holding it with white knuckles. His breathing is turning hitched and his nose is aching as well as his throat. It feels like his body is trying to balance out the pain that is crawling inside his head. Everything turns a million times more painful when the memory of a girl with strawberry-red cheeks and dark brown eyes flows in his mind - *Ella*. She was on the plane.

George doesn't bother to wipe away his tears as he runs to the other side of the island to Dream, the backpack tightly held in his left hand while the right one swats away leaves and sticks that get in the way. He doesn't know if it's the running or the backpack or the memory of the girl but his stomach feels sick and he is alarmingly close to throwing up. When the familiar sight of the sand and the sea come to view, George folds in half and takes trembling breaths, trying to calm his raging heartbeat.

"Saw a ghost?" Dream teases and even without looking at the dirty blond, George knows the look he has on: the kind where his eyes scrunch tightly to the point where he's squinting and his lips spread to an evil grin that makes George almost blind with rage. When George gets his breathing in check, he just looks Dream in his eyes and throws the backpack on the ground at his feet.

Dream stares at it for a while, confusion evident in his eyes before it hits him. The grin fades and color flushes from his face until he looks like he's made of chalk.

"Is- what's this?" Dream asks, only pointing at it, obviously not daring to lay his fingertips on the material.

George rolls his eyes. "I think you *know* what it is." His voice is a hoarse from the crying and the corners of his eyes are stinging.

Dream swallows and George has never seen this many emotions painted on the man's features. He doesn't know how to feel about it.

"Where?"

"Near the fountain."

A sigh leaves Dream's lips and George stares as his lungs shrink before expanding again.

After many futile attempts at saying something, Dream finally mutters "Fuck."

"Yeah," George says and takes a seat on the warm sand that almost burns his skin to the point where he can't take it.

They fall silent, both staring at the bag like it's going to open and reveal its secrets.

"Did you check what's inside?" Dream asks and his voice sounds so pained, George's chest aches against his will.

He shakes his head. "No."

"Can I-?" Dream asks and gestures at the bag. When George nods, Dream carefully takes the bag in his lap and opens the zipper. As George was carrying it, it didn't feel too heavy, but George still wonders if it somehow holds their salvation in its depths.

"C'mon," George ushers when Dream is taking his sweet time. Dream huffs, but starts emptying the bag from its contents.

A grey cat-plushie, a notebook that's pages are ruined from the moisture, two colored pencils, a small pair of sunglasses with yellow sunflower-print on both corners, a friendship bracelet with the pearls creating *Hannah*.

"Anything else?" George asks after going through every item.

Dream opens the other pockets and double-checks every corner before shaking his head.

This is too much for George. His heart aches in his chest like someone is actually running a sharp knife along the flesh, sadistically poking all George's most sensitive parts. He curls up into a ball, forehead laid on his knees and arms wrapped around his shins.

"I-" George's voice gets muffled into his knees. "D'you think she-?" He doesn't need to finish the question.

Dream sighs. "I don't know."

"This is fucked up," George mutters and feels the heavy tears falling down his bare shins, tickling the skin as they do so.

Dream hums. "It is."

The sun is starting to lower, mixing different colors together that all look too cold in George's eyes. Everything looks cold. Dream and George sit in silence until the dusk arrives and deprives them of their light, forcing them to retreat to their tents.

George cries himself to sleep. It has always been easy for him to sleep after crying. It sounds sadder than it is. It feels like the island has quieted down out of respect and it only makes George cry harder, sobs scraping the inside of his throat until he drifts off to unconsciousness.

When George wakes up the next day to find Dream's tent empty and the man nowhere to be seen, he wonders what last night meant. It was the first conversation since the first day they got here where they didn't argue, they didn't call each other names or complain about the other's cooking abilities or fishing skills. It was real and it was *raw* and now George is stunned. A part of him desperately wishes it means no more hatred and more deeper conversations, but another part of him is deathly scared of being that vulnerable in front of Dream. Maybe if Dream hadn't used all the curse words in the book to describe him, he could lean into this.

George's questions are answered when Dream appears after a while, holding a pile of sticks in his arms that he throws next to the fire that's calmly burning at a safe distance from their tents. Holding his breath, George stares at Dream with an expecting look on his face. Dream meets his eyes and his face turns into an angry expression; eyebrows pulled together and yellow eyes glaring at George.

"What the fuck are you looking at?" he asks and George thinks *oh, okay, right*.

"Nothing," he mutters under his breath and leaves the beach with a stinging sensation in his chest.

It was stupid of George to expect something grand to happen just because they talked one night a little deeper than usual. It was stupid to expect Dream would stop tormenting George. It was stupid to think Dream would let him in. *Stupid, stupid, stupid*. A whole of two days pass before their next big fight. Two days of small bickering and tension building in the air like the electric air before a thunderstorm. George could feel it sparkling in his fingertips before it started. He is begging for it to come sooner rather than later.

"Dream," George calls as he walks to the shore. His eyes instantly dart to the unlit fire, gentle swirls of smoke twirling from some of the charred sticks. Before this, George has been on one of his 'explorations' trying to find something else they could eat that wouldn't be fish or the occasional crab. He comes back empty handed, as usual.

"Dream!" he now yells louder and the dirty blond's head pops into view from where he is lying on the sand a few feet away. His eyebrows are knitted together and his lips are parted like he's already said something even though he hasn't.

George tries to keep his tone calm. "Why the fuck is the fire out?" he asks, forcing a small smile on his face that must look terrifying with all the anger buried under it.

Dream just shrugs and lays his head back down on the sand.

"Dream!" George snaps and strides to the other, intentionally kicking sand on the exposed skin of his upper body. "What the fuck?"

Dream sighs like George is the biggest nuisance the world has ever seen. “I was busy fishing, couldn’t go get sticks,” he says as he brushes the sand from his chest.

The rage is burning George from the inside out and he feels like he’s suffocating.

“You - should’ve - said - something,” he practically hisses, having to take pauses between every word so that it doesn’t turn into an incoherent mess of growling at the blond.

The clear frustration in George’s every word and every feature seems to only amuse Dream as he shrugs again with a dumb grin spreading on his face. George’s fists clench together and he has to take a deep breath so that he doesn’t punch the blond idiot.

“That fire-” George points at the remnants of the flames “-is our ticket out of here.”

Dream huffs. “I seriously doubt it.”

“I know you *doubt* it but I’ve made myself clear - we’re keeping the fire burning in case someone sees the smoke from the air.” They’ve been through this already and that’s what makes George angrier than anything. They’ve settled this, it shouldn’t be so hard.

“What difference does it even make?” Dream asks nonchalantly, closing his eyes as the sunshine hits his face. The sun has been making Dream’s freckles more clear or creating more of them. Either way, George hates how good they make him look and he wants to get rid of them. Either that or he is forced to kiss the idiot, which he would regret for the rest of his days.

George exhales sharply through his lips and has to use every last bit of self-restraint not to kick the blond’s ribs until he can’t breath. “It makes a *difference* because we’ll get rescued that way. Do you just want to stay here on this fucking island for the rest of our lives?”

Dream grins. “Wouldn’t be that bad. Not with you, little miss sunshine.”

George has had it. He is an inch, *no*, a fraction of an inch, away from losing it.

“Fuck you,” George states and takes off, stomping dramatically towards the forest.

Unfortunately he makes two key mistakes.

One) He isn’t looking at his environment, the rage blinding every leaf, stick and stone in sight. George has never seen red like most people but at that moment he feels the red - the universal red of rage - piercing into his retinas like fire.

Two) He isn’t wearing shoes. His thousand-year-old sneakers have suffered so much on the island that they are basically bottomless by this point. Despite that, George has tried to always make sure he has them on when he’s walking in the rainforest because of the rugged and difficult terrain that’s far from soft moss and leaves. But in his furious state he lacks all self-preservation-skills, aka his shoes.

So when the piercing pain shoots up from his bare foot, George tumbles back and realizes these mistakes. It’s too late now. The damage has been done. George tries to grasp onto a branch or a bush or a tree or *anything*, but his hands grasp thin air and he falls right on his back and a terrifying clunking sound echoes in the forest as George’s head makes contact with the football-sized rock. After that, everything is pitch-black.

Heyyy!

Hope you like the throw-back/memory from George's youth. I'm personally a sucker for that sorta stuff and just felt compelled to write it. Outside from that, this chapter was pretty difficult for me to write because I didn't have much planned out, but the next ones... oh, boy.

Comments and kudos are always greatly appreciated. Next chapter will come sometime next week.

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# Confusion

## Chapter Notes

tw: mentions of blood, injury, fainting

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George tries to grasp onto a branch or a bush or a tree or *anything*, but his hands grasp thin air and he falls right on his back and a terrifying clunking sound echoes in the forest as George's head makes contact with the football-sized rock. After that, everything is pitch-black.

He blinks his eyes open and is instantly met with dull pain thumping in his head like someone is playing the bass too loud sending shocks through George's entire body.

"Fuck," George mutters under his breath and reaches one of his hands to the back of his head to check the damage.

Shivers run up and down his back as he feels the hot moisture clinging strands of hair together. When he brings the hand back to his field of vision, he sees that his fingertips are painted brown. Red. *Blood*. The pain is harsh but it's quickly replaced by the sharp jolts of pain that travel up his leg. George tries to move his head, lift it off of the rock, but as soon as he does this he feels like he's going to be sick, the Earth spinning around him like he's falling down the sky, piercing the air with his body.

"Fucking fuck," he mutters again, a little louder this time in the hopes that someone will hear him. Not just someone, *Dream*. But the forest around him stays silent if not for the faint whooshing of the wind and the distant cry of waves. *So this is how I'll die*, George thinks and lets his heavy eyelids drape over his eyes and everything turns black again.

It might be days, hours or barely minutes until George shifts awake, woken by the sound of leaves rustling. His head feels like it weighs the same as the huge rock he keeps peering at some feet away from him. Despite attempting to, George can't get up and somehow he doesn't really want to do so that much. After all, what awaits him beyond this spot isn't much greater. He would just be lying somewhere else, maybe listening to Dream blabbering on and on about what a mess-up he is.

George's eyes widen in realization - *Dream*.

The sound of leaves rustling is getting closer and closer and now George is certain that it's footsteps. George holds his breath as he tries desperately to crook his neck so that he could see his surroundings. Then, just like that, Dream is standing there in front of him. It takes a second for the blond to realize that it's George that's lying on the ground, and when he does, his eyes widen and his lips part in poorly disguised shock.

"George, what the fuck?" he asks and George feels like rolling his eyes at him.

"M f' ll." George's words come out sounding like gibberish so he tries again. "I-I fell."

Something resembling a huff escapes Dream's parted lips as he kneels down beside George, eyes trailing up and down his body.

"Where did you hurt yourself?" he asks, eyebrows knitted together in focus.

*As if it weren't obvious*, George thinks, but points at his head. Dream looks a shade paler as he reaches slightly trembling hands to George's head and shifts it to the side a bit. George bites down on his bottom lip to refrain from yelling and he can feel his eyes watering from the pain.

"Fuck," Dream whispers and asks "Is it okay if I move your head from this rock?"

The kindly posed question is so confusing that it takes George a second to answer it, and when he does, all he does is give a small nod. The streaks of grass graze George's skull as he is laid down next to the stone. This time he can't stop himself from hissing.

"Okay, so just your head?" Dream asks and George hears something in his voice that he hasn't heard before. Concern? Care? Whatever it is, it makes George's brain short-circuit and he has to think hard about the answer.

"Yeah...wait, *no*," George remembers the sharp pain in his leg. "My leg."

The pain returns like it was waiting for its name to be called and George feels a single tear falling down his cheek. He wants to wipe it off, but he can't. He can't move.

"Oh, okay," Dream says and turns to look at the brunet's leg. A sharp inhale escapes Dream's lips and George's eyes widen in shock.

"What?" he quickly asks and tries to move his head to see Dream even though it's pointless.

Dream swallows and looks at George. George swears the dirty blond's skin has turned another shade paler, resembling paper by this point.

"It's okay. You're gonna be fine."

The words lack confidence and George tightly shuts his eyes.

Dream looks like he's going through everything in his life that brought him here and it takes a small groan from George to perk his attention. The pain is now pulsing in George like electric waves.

"I'm gonna go get water," Dream mutters, but as he tries to get up, George's hand stops him. It surprises the both of them and George quickly pulls the hand back to where it was lying beside him. He tries, *really* tries, not to say the words that next leave his lips. But maybe it's the pain or maybe it's the island or maybe it's the fact that he hasn't had proper human connection for too long.

Nonetheless, George whispers "Don't leave me" and stares fiercely into Dream's eyes.

There's hesitation brewing in the yellow pools, but Dream still nods and sits back down.

"Yeah, erm, you're right, I shouldn't leave you right now," he mutters and stares at George like he's a puzzle he can't to solve.

They stay there for a while, listening to the faint sounds of the forest that can only be heard when there's nothing else perturbing them. At some point George feels his eyes start to close and

everything turn hazy.

“Hey, don’t!” Dream snaps and shakes George by his arm. “Don’t pass out.”

George blinks his eyes open and his eyelids feel like lead, *heavier* than lead. “Can’t.”

The look on Dream’s face is a mixture of fear, confusion and desperateness as he nudges George once again.

“You can’t pass out, that’s really fucking dangerous,” he says, his voice coming from somewhere near George’s face.

George feels like rolling his eyes at the words but instead lets them close.

“I don’t care,” he mutters silently.

It might be a hallucination or a dream, but George thinks he hears the words leave Dream’s lips, each one like a glistening water drop on the sea.

“Well *I* care.”

The next thing George knows, he’s being held on Dream’s strong arms and Dream’s steps shake his limb body. The gushing of the waterfall reaches his ears as Dream lays him down on the soft grass, a few twigs and stones poking his back, but compared to the pain in his head and foot, it’s like feathers grazing his skin.

“I don’t-” Dream kneels down next to George. “I don’t know what I’m supposed to do. I- I’m not a doctor.”

George swallows and tries to focus his gaze on Dream’s face. The concern is evident and George wants to somehow calm Dream down. He doesn’t know why and he thinks it’s really irrational, but the urge is there.

“I’ll be fine,” he mutters and gives Dream a crooked smile. Dream returns it with hesitation before returning to his frown.

“You’re not fine though, you- you could have *died* !” he desperately says and pulls at the streaks of grass on the ground until he rips them by their roots. George just stares at him through his slightly hazy gaze.

“But I didn’t, did I?”

Dream huffs. “I still can’t understand how you didn’t.”

A grin pulls at the corners of George’s mouth as he says “I guess my head really is as thick as you always said it was.”

This receives a small, breathy laugh from the dirty blond.

“I guess I should clean your cuts and... er, put something on them.”

George tries to nod but hisses as the movement sends sparks of pain from the back of his head. He tries not to think of what it looks like back there, but an image of a gaping black hole still makes its way to George’s mind and makes his heart race.

It doesn't take long for Dream to find a good enough piece of a palm leaf that he uses as a cup of sorts to bring water to George.

"I literally have no idea what I'm doing," he states as he carefully sits down next to George, spilling some water on the ground despite his best efforts.

George tries to give an encouraging smile. "I trust you."

The words catch Dream off guard and his lips part. He stays silent for a beat before asking: "You do?"

Now that George thinks about it, it's completely crazy to trust this stranger that has been nothing but rude to him - at least before now. But George still recognizes the feeling of comfort and trust.

"Yeah, I do," he answers, voice as serious as possible.

Dream stares down at George for a while before nervously biting his lower lip and nodding. He then continues by pouring water on George's leg. George lets out a poorly held back screech from the pain and Dream's features scrunch up as he hears the agony in the other's voice.

"It's okay, I'm okay," George mutters when Dream has stopped dead in his tracks. "You can go on."

Dream scans George's face before continuing.

It takes a while for Dream to clean out both George's head and his foot, which makes George incredibly nervous because it means they are bad. He already *knew* it was bad but this makes his anxiety rise like a wave.

"Okay, I think it's okay now," Dream says with a sigh. "The bleeding isn't that bad anymore."

George hums.

The night is starting to fall as Dream glances around, saying "I should probably wrap something around them but I don't know what."

"I don't know either," George simply states.

"If it gets infected-" Dream mutters, eyebrows knitted together "-we're screwed."

George shakes his head at this. "*I'm* screwed, you're not."

The familiar exasperated look is back on Dream's face as he says "You're such an idiot."

"Why am I an idiot, *Dream*?" George asks, grinning a little as he sings Dream's name.

Dream stares intently into George's eyes, gaze practically as piercing as the sticks Dream carves every night.

"Cause. If it weren't for you, I would've already died on this island."

*What?*

These aren't the words of a nemesis. These are *definitely* not the words of Dream.

“Are you sure you’re not the one who hit his head?” George asks, squinting his eyes.

Dream stays quiet for a while before muttering “I’ll carry you to camp.”

Despite George’s ‘*no, you don’t have to. I can stay here*’s, Dream carries George all the way back to camp. George can’t help but sink into the feeling of warm skin against his, but as soon as he realizes this, he tries to desperately brush it off. He can’t just put all his faith on Dream. That’s not rational. That’s not safe.

“I don’t think you should sleep tonight,” Dream states once he has laid George down on the soft sand in front of their tents. The black waves are coursing relentlessly, licking the sand like they want to become one with it.

George is shivering a little. He doesn’t know why.

“But I’m really fucking tired,” he mutters and leans his head in his hands.

The injured foot is still sending sparks of pain through his body and he wants to scream from the top of his lungs. His head is thumping with pain similar to the migraines he sometimes gets, but more piercing, more like someone is stabbing his skull with a sharp knife.

The dirty blond lets out a long sigh. “I don’t know much about health stuff, but I know you shouldn’t sleep when you’ve gotten a concussion.”

George’s brain is having difficulty adjusting to the change he has seen in the other man’s character and behavior. *If it took me getting hurt, I would’ve jumped off a tree earlier*, George thinks to himself, but shakes his head when he realizes how messed up that is.

“You can go to sleep then. I’ll stay awake,” he affirms, digging his fingertips in the sand that feels cold beneath the surface.

But Dream shakes his head, dirty blond strands of hair grazing his nose. “You’ll just fall asleep. I’m staying.”

“But-”

“No, I’m *staying*.” Dream’s tone is stern and George doesn’t make the effort to push it, knowing it would be useless.

They sit in silence for a while until Dream mutters something about the fire and starts looking for sticks. The moon is creating a path on the dark sea and George can’t take his eyes away from it.

After a while, the fire is lit again, spreading on the abundant amount of dry leaves and sticks. George follows with his eyes as small ashy particles of wood rise with the smoke, twirling in the air before disappearing out of sight. He has always found the sounds and the mere sight of a fire calming, who wouldn’t after all? It resembles warmth, comfort and safety, emotions he has been feeling rather neglected from for the past day.

“George,” Dream mutters, breaking the comfortable silence.

George hums in a questioning tone. He’s laying on his side, the one where he doesn’t have to

worry about his foot hurting, and opposite Dream.

“You remember how you asked me why I was on the plane?”

George rolls his eyes. “I may have hit my head, but I haven’t forgotten *everything*.”

A dry laugh echoes from Dream before he falls quiet.

“So?” George has to ask when Dream doesn’t elaborate.

Dream sighs. The orange of the fire is dancing on his skin and reflected in his eyes, hair dishevelled as it is nowadays. George can’t even remember how Dream’s hair looked before the island - all he remembers is the fluffy blond curls he wants to run his fingertips through. Not that he has thought of it that way. No, he definitely doesn’t want to tug the strands of hair every time his eyes fall on the man in question.

“I was going to my granddad’s funeral. He died-” Dream scrunches his eyebrows as he thinks “-two weeks before the flight. He was spending his retirement days in Perth with my grandma.”

With wide eyes, George tries to scramble a decent response to this. He hadn’t been expecting it. He thought... he thought Dream was going to meet friends or something. George has created a whole scenario in his head of Dream with his annoying friends giving fistbumps and cackling at dumb jokes.

“Shit, I didn’t- I didn’t realize. That sucks, I’m sorry.”

Dream’s gaze is set down on the sand between his legs as he speaks.

“I was really close with him. I mean, I was close to all my family, but he... we just clicked. He just *got* me and I-” Dream’s voice cracks and he glances away for a second. When he stares back at the ground, George sees tears sparkling over the yellow in his eyes. “- I still can’t believe he’s gone.”

The sickly feeling of guilt strangles George’s throat and makes his stomach curl in itself. All this time he has been judging Dream by how he was acting rude and just thought it was his *personality*. He should’ve known better.

Before George gets the chance to tell Dream this, the dirty blond starts speaking again.

“My mum was probably furious when I didn’t show up at the ceremony. And grandma.” He takes a short pause before continuing. “Jesus, grandpa would’ve known what to do here, on this damn island. He would’ve easily survived. He would’ve known how to treat your injuries-” Dream loosely points at George before biting down on his lip. “Fuck.”

Silence wraps around them, only interrupted by the waves crashing and the crackling of the fire. George can sense Dream’s sadness and his pain like it is something substantial in the air, something he could easily clutch between his palms and hold against his heart.

“Tell me about him, about your granddad,” George prompts, genuinely interested and wanting an answer.

Dream sighs and for a moment George thinks he’s going to decline, but then -

“He was kind. Like. *Really* kind. He, um, he had some prejudice when it came to certain people, but he acknowledged it and could make fun of himself.”

The sad smile creates creases around Dream's eyes. He's staring into the sea now and George can see the blackness of the waves and the creamy white of the sea foam reflected in them.

"He always called me *kid*, like, from when I was 5 until I was 20. I'd pretend to be angry and frustrated, but honestly I loved it more than anything." A sigh escapes Dream's parted lips as he turns to look at his feet.

"I remember one day going for a late night walk with him when I was spending my spring break in Perth. We walked to this small bridge and he was smiling like he'd never been happier, and when I asked him why, he just asked *why not?*"

Dream snorts but there's genuine affection and awe in his eyes. He turns to gaze into George's eyes and George smiles reassuringly.

"Then he went on to explain how he had met grandma, like for the hundredth time. But it never got old. The way he spoke about her-" Now there are clear twinkles in his yellow eyes and George feels like sinking into them. "-it was all love. He loved grandma so much that it was clear to anyone who'd talk to him. And I just thought, *wished*, that I'd be able to talk about someone like that one day."

The two stare at each other for what feels like an eternity. Eventually Dream tears away from the eye contact and looks away, fingertips rubbing the corners of his eyes and George feels his own eyes burning when he sees the tears on Dream's cheekbones.

Dream chuckles a little. "So, what brought you here?"

The question catches George off guard and he has to ask "What?"

"Why were *you* on the plane that day?"

George gazes at his hands before looking back at Dream. "I just wanted to see someplace new. I was in desperate need of a fresh page."

Dream nods. "Yeah, I can get that."

"Anyway, I just randomly chose a place and it led me here." George gestures around the island and smiles.

Dream smirks. "So basically faith brought us together?"

A breathy laugh erupts from George at the words.

"I guess you could say that," he mutters with a wide grin. He tries his best to ignore the dropping sensation in his stomach, blaming it on the accident and the fact that he hasn't eaten for a long time.

"What's your other family like?" George asks, desperate to keep the conversation going. He's afraid that if they stop talking, the bickering and hatred will return.

"They were great, like, my mum - she would always just make me feel so fucking loved and appreciated, and she would really listen to me, my side of things and-"

Before Dream gets to continue, George interrupts him.

"Wait, has she passed away?" It sounds inconsiderate but George has his suspicions.

Dream looks at George through squinted eyes.

“No,” he draws out the word. “Why?”

“Cause you’re talking in past tense. Like she’s died or like...” George takes a deep breath “like you’re never gonna see her again.”

It takes a while for Dream to give any sort of response to George’s words, blankly staring at the other.

Finally, rubbing the back of his neck and smiling nervously, Dream says “It’s pretty fucked up, isn’t it?”

George waits for Dream to continue, but when he doesn’t, he asks “So you think we’re really not gonna make it?”

Another beat of silence.

“I *hope* we will, but I’m trying to be realistic,” the dirty blond answers with a shrug of his shoulders.

Something painful squeezes George’s chest. He realizes that he hasn’t given much thought to Dream not making it out of here, out of this island. When he thinks about himself dying, he gets anxious and his stomach hurts, but it’s different compared to this. The thought of Dream dying makes him ache and want to cry. It doesn’t make any sense. He shouldn’t feel this way about someone he’s known for barely a week and who’s spent most of the time being an asshole to George.

“We’ll make it,” George states. His voice is stern and gives no room for questions. He wants this to be true. He *needs* this to be true.

Dream glances at the sea before meeting George’s eyes and smiling that crooked smile of his. “Okay.”

“Okay?”

Dream nods. “Okay.”

George is down bad. He’s screwed. He’s in trouble. He’s up the creek, in a mess, up a gum tree, in a pickle, heading for a disaster.

“Fuck,” George mutters and bumps his fist yet again on the bumpy surface of the palm tree.

Judging by how up the sun is, it’s about noon and George has been in the forest for at least an hour, most of his time spent hitting the tree in question until a bruise has formed on the bumps of his knuckle.

“Fucking hell,” he hisses again, thinking back to the morning and the morning before that and the morning before that.

The few days after George’s fall went by alternately in pain from his injuries and alternately in joy as Dream made stupid jokes to make George laugh.



“Look what I got you!” Dream exclaimed one day, appearing from between the thick trees.

George was sat on the beach, doing his best to try and sharpen sticks. It was impossible because he was constantly afraid he would accidentally cut himself.

He raised his eyes and was met with a grinning Dream who had two tall tree branches on both his hands.

“Wow,” George said with a thoroughly unimpressed tone.

Dream huffed and shook the branches. “They are canes for you so you can move!” he explained excitedly.

George smiled. He had been basically sitting on the same spot for the past few days and it was even more painful then the dull aching he felt in his body. He wasn’t one to just sit around on one spot for days on end.

“Where did you even find those?” George asked, grinning widely as he reached his hands for them.

Dream handed them over and he looked so proud of himself, George might have puke.

“They were on the shore with the Lover-trees,” Dream answered.

They’d been coming up with names for particular spots on the island. It was George’s idea to call the two palm trees that intertwined together ‘Lover-trees’. It stuck, and now they call the whole shore by the name.

“How am I supposed to use these?” George asked, eyebrows furrowing as he tilted the two branches in his hands.

Dream walked over to him. “Here, I’ll help you,” he said and without warning, raised George up by his armpits.

George let out a small squeak and immediately blushed after.

“Don’t freak out,” Dream said with a low chuckle that sent goosebumps up George’s neck. The brunet supposed it was because his mouth was so close to his ear, the words tickling the shell. It didn’t make it much better.

“Okay, so you just grab here-” Dream grabbed George’s hand in his bigger one and attached it onto the uneven surface of the branch. His hot breath lingered on the exposed parts of George’s neck. “-and then you can put some of your weight here instead of your hurt foot.”

“Mhm,” George hummed and did as Dream asked.

He quickly got the hang of it and was able to take a few steps, his injured foot raised from the ground.

“Look at you go!” Dream laughed and hesitantly let go of George who took more steps on the sand, his body thrilling with the feeling of finally being able to move.

“Shit,” George muttered as he took a misstep and lost his balance.

Dream’s hands were on his waist before he could fall back on the sand. They stayed there even after George had recovered his balance and was standing sturdy on his other foot. George tried not to focus too much on the sensations the contact of Dream’s hands on his hips created. He failed.

“Okay, you good?” Dream asked, beginning to pull his hands away. George nodded and started walking towards the trees. It took longer than he hoped, but he was able to do it.

“Thank you,” George said when he was back sitting on the sand and trailing his fingertips through the crystal-particles. The dirty blond just nodded with a sly smile. “No seriously, *thank you*.”

Dream stared at George before grinning and saying “You’re welcome.”

“Idiot,” George whispers and lets his forehead rest on the cool surface of the tree.

Everything shifted that night at the bonfire. At first, George had difficulty accepting the change, having only been used to the bickering, the frustration and the mean comments. But with every genuine question and honest answer, George found himself falling deeper into trust. It was weird, learning that he liked Dream when he had spent so much time despising the man and everything he did. It was like looking at a sunset for a long time until someone pointed out it was a sunrise.

Days would go by as George kept his eyes on Dream, surveying him like a piece of art, which, to be honest, wasn't too far from truth. Every time George glanced at the brown freckles dusting the tall man's face and all the way to his chest, George's stomach would do flips and his own cheeks heated to the point where Dream would tease him about it.

It was easier to deny the lurking feelings that were starting to form in George. It was *so* much easier to let himself live in the illusion that these were purely platonic feelings, just appreciation and maybe gratitude for the other's company. But just as the waves draw back to the sea and the sun appears from under the horizon, George would have to come to terms with his feelings.

What finally did it for him was when one night Dream gave George a smile. Of course it wasn't *just* a smile that did it, but it was everything bound into it.

George had been explaining something about his last place in Annapolis. As usual, he was babbling non-stop and when he realized this, he covered his face with his hands.

“I’m sorry. I’ve been talking for like an hour,” George muttered, voice muffled by the backs of his palms.

Dream chuckled and nudged George's shoulder for him to meet his eyes. George did and when he saw the smile that was painted on the dirty blond's features, he melted. Somehow it was everything to him: the way the skin around his eyes creased and made George smile dumbly. He was able to lose himself in the curve of Dream's lips and the twinkling in his yellow eyes.

And in that moment, George knew he was *screwed*.

The night is beginning to fall as George takes a seat on one of the giant stones decorating the shore. He needs time to collect himself before he can go to Dream. The realization of everything is bitter sweet or no, mostly *bitter* because George can see the look of friendship in Dream's eyes as they

meet George's. He sees the appreciation and maybe even love in those pupils. Before the island, George didn't know love comes in so many different shades, so many variations. He also didn't know how painful it could be to meet the difference in the other person's eyes - like George is fire and Dream is ice. Like George is light and Dream is dark. Like George is lust and Dream is apathy.

It would be so much easier if George could go back to hating Dream but even if he tries, he can't grasp the rage, coming up with only yearning. George sighs loudly in the forest, knowing no one will hear him, but maybe silently hoping someone would. The forest answers with the rustling of leaves as the hot wind plays with them.

Eventually George gets up and walks to their camp. His foot has healed to the point where he can put some weight on it, but George still prefers walking with his canes. Maybe it's because of the memory of Dream's smile when he first used them. Or maybe it's because he's in desperate need of stability in the hurricane that's storming in his mind.

"Hey."

George's heart aches at the smile on Dream's face when he perks his head up from where he's fiddling with stone pebbles.

George takes a seat next to him and grabs one of the pebbles. It's roughly the size of a golf ball, surface smooth because of years and years of waves grazing the texture.

"What were you doing?" Dream asks nonchalantly, arranging the stones in a circular shape before removing them one by one and starting to toss them into the sea.

George feels a faint blush dust his cheeks. "Um... just sitting."

"Mhm," Dream hums, not taking his eyes off the waves that are gentler than usual.

They sit there silent until George tips his toes in the quiet.

"Catch any fish?"

Now, Dream is turning to look at George and George wishes he hadn't because everything about him is deeply distracting.

"Not really, I'll try again soon though."

"Okay," George mutters and tries not to look at the way Dream is biting his lip. It should be illegal. He turns to gaze at the sea instead, the navy surface reflecting the last bright colors on the sky.

George feels Dream shifting next to him until he coughs and mutters "Can I ask you something?"

"Of course you can," George immediately responds, choosing not to look at him this time.

"Haven't we already established that you can talk to me about anything?"

Dream doesn't say anything for a while, but then he finally-

"D'you believe in soulmates?"

That question makes George's cheeks burn like they've never burned before. His mind instantly goes to the most obvious motive behind the words - is this Dream's way of telling him about his feelings? It lights a flame deep down in George's stomach, but he quickly turns it down because this is *Dream* he's talking to.

"Um..." George begins and takes a pause to think about it. "I'm not sure. It seems pretty unrealistic that there would be this *one person* for everyone. I mean, we all change so how could we just be with one person for our entire lives?"

He turns to look at Dream who is staring at him and nodding a little. "What'd you suppose?"

Dream sighs. "I get your point, but ever since I was a kid, I've wanted to believe that there's this one, right person to everyone. And when you'll find that person, you'll just *know*." A pause follows his words before he continues. "Of course we'll change, but can't we do that with other people? With the person we love?"

The words make George's chest ache more than he thought it would. He chooses to take a small leap of faith.

"So, you got yourself a soulmate then?" George tries to grin and sound lighthearted, but he doesn't know if it comes across that way.

Dream chuckles, shaking his head. "No, not yet anyway."

Hope feels like shade in this hot wetter, like ice-cold water in a dry mouth. His head is spinning so much that he doesn't make out Dream's words as they spill from his curved lips.

"What?" George asks and tilts his head a little.

Dream chuckles that sweet, low laugh of his that makes George's heart flutter in his chest. "I asked if you've got a soulmate? You dating anyone back home?"

The words leave George's lips like someone has put a spell on him. He isn't aware of their meaning as each syllable tumbles in the air. It all comes back to him after they've already escaped him-

"Yeah, I am." George has said.

*What*

*The*

*Fuck*

Something, a feeling or a thought, passes through Dream's eyes before they turn back to normal. But George isn't focused on his eyes, he's focused on the god forsaken words that somehow left his own lips. *Why did I say that?* It's too late to take it back, to say 'no, I mean I'm single, 100 percent single'. Because that would be weird. That would raise questions. The same questions that are now roaming George's mind: then why did you say that?

"Oh, cool," Dream mutters through a smile. "What are they like?"

*Shit.* George opens his mouth and no words leave his lips. *Great fucking timing.* He picks the last person he dated, the memory of him still fresh in George's mind.

“He’s um... he’s great-”

George goes on to explain Willow’s appearance, the things about him that George always found adorable, all the while asking *what the fuck* in his head.

“He sounds really nice,” Dream mutters when George has come to the end of his speech.

George looks down at his feet. “Yeah, he is.”

After a while of sitting in silence, Dream goes to fish and George goes to pick up some sticks for the fire. George is fairly sure that his eyes are the size of plates because of how shocked he still is.

As he walks back to the shore, he considers telling Dream about how he was lying. But then he sees the look on Dream’s face- it’s the same look he always gives him, a look of friendship, not that of love. George slouches on the sand and lets his heart bleed onto the golden dust.

## Chapter End Notes

Hey!

I should be sleeping rn, but here I am :) I honestly don't know what I think about this chapter. Like half-way to writing it, I kinda got into a bad headspace and it's been bothering me. I hope this doesn't suck lol.

Comments and kudos are greatly appreciated <3

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# Poems

## Chapter Notes

tw: suicide attempt (hard to explain, but it's kinda there), anxiety, depressive behavior

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George slouches on the sand and lets his heart bleed onto the golden dust.

Things don't get better as days go by. The sizzling want only burns hotter and hotter with every glance the two share, every accidental bump of their shoulders, every smile and every laugh. It's torture. George thinks by now he would prefer to go back to how things were, the constant bickering back and forth, the calling names and the ignoring each other just to piss the other off.

Sure, they still bicker and Dream lashes out on him, like right now when George has burned the fish Dream has caught.

"Do you even understand how long it took me to catch it?" Dream practically yells, his face a scarlet from anger. "And now it's all fucking inedible!"

George raises his chin with a challenging look in his eyes. "I literally blinked and it was burned."

Dream huffs. The fire makes his face glow in different shades of orange and George hates how good he looks.

"Don't even try!" the dirty blond growls. "I saw you went to the forest for at least 10 minutes. What were you even doing there?"

George blushes faintly but says in a defensive tone "If you really wanna know, I had to take a shit."

"For ten minutes?" Dream snaps, squinting his eyes.

George doesn't flinch as he says "Yes."

"You're lying," Dream mutters but doesn't push it further, apparently going back to the water to try and catch something for the two to eat.

George was indeed lying, just a bit. The reason he went to the woods wasn't because he had to 'take a shit', it was because of Dream. They've spent almost two weeks on this island and Dream gave up wearing most of his clothing by day ten. That means he walks around topless nearly all the time, a stern look on his face as he seems to always think about something really hard. The sight makes George sore. It hurts to look at someone that gorgeous and not be able to reach out and touch.

For as long as George can remember he has been the sort of guy who gets almost fixated on crushes. For some reason he just can't let it go. George remembers how he had a crush on one guy in elementary school and it went on for *years*, days spent dreaming about the boy's strikingly hazel eyes and curly locks. It was innocent back then, but it was still there - the relentless yearning.

So when George has to spend hours on end staring at Dream trying to catch fish, the water drops glistening on his bare chest, overgrown hair curly and the same shade as the starry sky of freckles *everywhere* across his body - it's too much. Surely it would be too much for anyone. George had to go to the woods to try and extinguish the burning want in the pit of his stomach, flames licking fiercely at his skin every chance they got. Of course it didn't work, but at least he tried, and he can keep some traces of pride for it.

But things *are* different and George has got to accept it. This crush of George's is making the brunet more and more paranoid with every passing day. Sometimes George swears he feels Dream smiling at him, but when he turns to look at the blond, he has his usual frown on.

"Y'know, you have a resting bitch face," George tells him one day when they are trying to catch the crabs on the shore with their wooden sticks. He's crouched down on the shore, using one hand for shade as his knees dig into the soft sand.

Dream huffs, keeping his eyes on the water. "A what?"

"A resting bitch face," George repeats, hissing as he misses one crab by barely an inch. "You always look like you're really displeased about something, like you have a stick-" George shakes the sharpened stick he has in one of his hands in front of Dream's face "-up your arse."

Dream snorts and swats the stick away. "How do you know I'm not just really displeased around you?"

George's eyebrows knit together, but the words leave his lips before he gets the chance to hold back.

"I know you love me," he says in a sing-song tone.

As soon as the words flow into the air they share, George blushes fiercely, hoping with every inch of his body that Dream doesn't see this. To his advantage, the sun is shining brightly on both their eyes, practically blinding the two.

From the corner of his eye, George still sees Dream roll his eyes. "You wish."

It's difficult to keep the motivation going when they hit the two-week landmark with no sight of rescue or even other people for that matter. George feels like he's suffocating under all the thoughts and fantasies he has of his dirty blond companion. Like right now as George pokes at the bonfire in front of him with a sharp stick, eyes glued to the man walking back and forth on the shore, a starry sky in the background, he can't help but think about all the things he'd love to do with the other - trace his fingertips on the tan curves of his muscles, brush his lips gently on every inch of skin he finds, rise to his tippy-toes to meet the taller's lips, taste him until his head spins and reach his hands out to-

His fantasies come to a sudden halt when Dream opens his mouth.

"George."

The dirty blond has raised his gaze from where it was on his feet, now staring right into George's eyes.

“Yeah?” George asks. He turns his eyes to the stick in his hand that has turned black on the tip with a tiny flame flickering on the sharp edge. George gives it a soft blow and watches as the orange turns into grey smoke that twirls in the air.

Dream shoots George a grin. “D’you wanna come swim with me?” he asks and kicks some water to the brunet’s direction.

The proposition shouldn’t make George this flustered. It’s normal for friends to swim together, but George still can’t shake the butterflies in his stomach or the way his ears burn along with his entire body.

“Er,” George mutters, his heartbeat quickening rapidly as seconds pass.

Dream kicks some more water. “Don’t *er* me!” he begs with a low chuckle.

A few droplets of saltwater hit George’s shins and he wipes them off with the back of his palm.

“Fine,” he sighs and tries to look as opposed to the idea as possible even though it’s clearly a lie. He wants nothing more than to swim with Dream, feel his hands gripping his hips, pulling him flushed together as the waves gently hit their joined bodies and the starry sky lights Dream’s face just enough for George to know where to lean. George shakes his head and rises to his feet.

The moonlight dances on Dream’s skin as he reaches a hand out for George. George takes it without hesitation, swallowing as the small contact sends sparks all the way up his arm and neck. There’s nothing but Dream and George - the sound of water splashing as the two take steps into the cool waters, giggles as Dream attempts to push George over but falls butt-first into the shallow water himself.

“Fuck, it’s cold,” Dream hisses as he quickly perks back up on his feet. “How is it so cold?”

George laughs and takes a step further into the sea. “It’s the ocean, what did you think?”

“Shut up,” Dream says, but clearly can’t help the smile from tearing onto his face. George doesn’t want to stop looking at it. He *can’t* stop looking at it.

“What?” Dream asks, more softly this time.

He nudges George’s shoulder and it makes George lose his balance for a second, almost falling back, but Dream’s hand is on his waist before he’s swallowed into the black sea. Dream’s grip is strong and it digs into the milky flesh without much effort, and George feels like he’s falling from a high building. His head is spinning and his heartbeat is echoing in his ears, loud thumping all he can hear. Dream’s soft eyes are peering into George’s and George can’t breathe.

“George?” Dream asks, his voice barely a whisper.

“Mhm.”

The grip loosens. “You good?”

George nods. “Sure.”

The hand falls and the warm sensation is replaced with emptiness and cold. George wants to cry. He wants to grab Dream’s hand and place it back on his hip, pull him closer and remove all the distance between them that feels like miles. But despite all this, he turns to look into the horizon and takes a few steps towards it, *away from Dream*.



When the water hits George's collarbones, he dives under the surface, craving the silence it brings him. He lingers underwater for as long as he can, trying to relax his body and just *drop*. Eventually his chest starts clenching and his throat hurts so he has to rise back up.

Dream is staring at George when he blinks his eyes open, hissing a little as saltwater creeps under his eyelids.

"What?" George asks. It comes out a little more aggressive than he means it to.

Dream shrugs. "Nothing. I just think I could hold my breath for longer." There's a familiar glint in Dream's eyes - *challenge*.

"Oh yeah?" George grins. "You sure about that big boy?"

Dream rolls his eyes at the nickname. "Big body, big lungs," he states smugly, watching with amusement as George huffs.

"Okay, in five--"

George stares intently into Dream's yellow eyes.

"four"

Dream shoots George a grin that makes George's head spin.

"three"

The moon is reflected in Dream's eyes and George wants to lean closer.

"two"

Blinking is out of the question.

"one"

George pinches his nose between his fingers and dives underwater, the same silent serenity overcoming him as he does this. The coldness of the water makes his limbs feel numb and his skin pinch. George gets the sudden urge to stay here, underwater, for the rest of his time. At the moment, George feels like there's nothing on the ground, on the *island*, for him.

The desperation makes his chest clench and the urge to resurface grabs his body and squeezes tightly, but George is stubborn. If he just stays underwater for as long as possible, he won't have to go back. He won't have to return to the loneliness, to the way his entire body aches at the mere sight of Dream, the way he has become accustomed to the island, nothing new, just sand upon sand upon palm trees.

The pressure of the water is making his head hurt and his feet are starting to twitch, useless efforts to get George to rise back to the surface. Everything hurts, but at least it's not the normal numbness. The pitch-black of the sea is painting George's body, seeping into his veins, forcing George to become one with the sea. George doesn't fight it.

But out of nowhere, a hand grabs him by his wrist and pulls him to the surface.

"What the fuck George?" the all-too-familiar voice asks. Dream sounds upset.

The sudden rush of oxygen makes George feel lightheaded as he starts paddling back to the shore.

He hears Dream following in his wake, but ignores him.

Golden sand particles stick to his wet skin as he takes a seat next to the bonfire that's still crackling and sending warmth around it.

Dream sits next to him and George can feel his eyes on him, but he keeps his gaze glued to the fire, the brightness slightly burning his eyes.

“George?”

Maybe it's the stubbornness or maybe it's the hurt, but George doesn't say anything or do anything, knowing it will annoy the other. He *knows* he is self-sabotaging himself and the relationship the two have built, but he doesn't care.

Dream huffs and gives George's shoulder a nudge. “Talk to me.”

George rolls his eyes, but doesn't say anything.

“What the fuck was that earlier? You tryna kill yourself, huh?” There's hurt in Dream's voice. George has long ago noticed that Dream sucks at masking his emotions. Or maybe George is just good at identifying them. Like right now, Dream acts like he's just pissed off, but the hurt is leaking from the edges of his words like water falls down an overfilled glass.

Eventually the silence is too much and Dream snaps like a twig.

“What's wrong with you?” he asks.

And the flashbacks are a tad too much for George. He can't stay here.

“Fuck you,” George mutters as he stands up, shuddering a little as the cool air hits his wet skin. He disappears behind the dark palm trees before Dream gets the chance to say anything.

That night, George sleeps at the other end of the island. Or no, he doesn't *sleep*, he lays on his back staring at the stars, replaying their conversation in his head, replaying the feeling he got underwater just before passing out. Dream's words repeat themselves in his mind time after time again.

*What's wrong with you?*

The words imply so much: there's something profoundly wrong with him which means he isn't *right* - he isn't what Dream wants him to be, what he *expects* him to be. George hates how much power the words have over him, how painful they are. He tries to stop the tears from escaping the corners of his eyes, because it's so pathetic, but he can't. And so he stays wide awake the entire night, wiping salty tears before they fall down his cheeks.

When the sun rises the next morning, George doesn't get up. He can't grasp enough motivation to do anything because what's the point? The sun burns his skin and makes his eyes water but he doesn't care. There's something calming about not caring anymore. He has spent so much time worrying and being scared of *dying* on this island, but it doesn't matter to him anymore.

By the time the sun hits its highest spot, George feels like he has already died and if it weren't for the obvious rising and falling of his chest, he would be convinced he's not living anymore. Although staying here under the sizzling sun seems tempting, George eventually gets up and walks over to the shadows. His throat is sore and searing pain is piercing his eyes.

He wants to go home, the urge is enough to draw tears back to his eyes. It doesn't matter that he doesn't even have a *home* anymore. He wants to crawl into a bed that's *his*, drape a soft blanket around him and forget all about the continuous sound of waves and the sight of the tall, dirty blond man with dozens of freckles.

In the end, it's the nauseating feeling of guilt that forces George to leave the spot at the beach and travel back to the other end of the isle. Despite spending the entire walk thinking about what to say, when he finally meets Dream's eyes, he's at a loss of words. Dream is carving a line next to the other fifteen scribbly ones on the thick palm tree, expression focused as both hands hold tightly onto a sharp stone.

Thinking he has to say something, George mutters "Dream."

Dream lets his hands drop and turns to face George. The distance between them is barely five feet, but it feels like Dream is an ocean away.

"What?"

Something strangles George's throat and he looks at the ground, his mind going blank.

"I, uhm," George doesn't know how to continue so he just says "I'm sorry."

Dream lets out a sigh. "You don't have anything to be sorry about. It's fine. We're fine."

George tries, *really* tries, not to focus on the "we", but his heart still manages to leap in his chest and a faint red spreads onto his cheeks.

"It's just-" George raises his gaze to look into Dream's eyes. "It's this fucking island, it's-" *you*. "-I just wanna go home."

A faint wind shakes the palm leaves and the sound makes the hair in the back of George's neck rise.

"I know," Dream says and smiles sadly, shifting his weight from one foot to another. "I do too. But we'll make it, remember?"

George nods.

"Okay," Dream answers and grins. "And I'm pretty sure you won the diving contest yesterday."

"Fuck you," George says, rolling his eyes, but can't help himself from grinning as well.

The next day goes by in comfortable silence, a few jokes and antidotes shared every now and then. It has become a custom by this point that every night they sit beside each other by the bonfire, listening to the crackling of the fire and the crashing of waves, talking about anything and everything. Dream talks a lot about his family and his friends back home, sharing funny stories that

George loves with all his heart. He could listen to Dream talking for the rest of his days. The enthusiasm makes every word colorful and like music to George's ears.

Sometimes Dream asks about George's family, but George always shifts the conversation back to Dream's stories or George starts explaining about some story from his many travels around the world. He is fairly certain that Dream knows he's averting the subject, but he doesn't push it which George is grateful for.

Dream's family and friends aren't the only thing George learns about the yellow-eyed man. He learns that Dream is *touchy*, as in, he shows friendship through hugs, nudges on the shoulder, ruffling of hair, intertwining the two's fingers when they are walking. It's not like George has never been friends with someone of a similar nature but this is *Dream*. Every time their skins clash, George's heart starts beating aggressively in his chest and his entire body tingles like raindrops flowing all around his skin. It's excruciating. George hates it and loves it.

It's nearing day twenty of their stay on the island and George is laying on his stomach on the hot sand, watching as Dream moves around the water in a manner that's become experienced by now, every move like that of a wild animal hunting their prey. Despite hard efforts, George can't tear his eyes away from Dream's bare chest that's glistening with small water drops like crystals, flexed hands that are gripping the sharpened stick he uses to catch fish, strong legs with prominent muscles that tighten when he tilts forward and back.

When Dream's wooden stick pierces through an unknowing fish, a smile creeps on his features and he turns to look back at George. George blushes a little, trying to pretend he hasn't been staring at him for god knows how long. Apparently Dream doesn't think too much about it, only striding to George with a look of pure elation.

"Look," he says, holding the now-dead fish in his hand. "It's like the biggest we've ever gotten."

"*You* 've gotten," George corrects to which Dream rolls his eyes.

"You hungry?" he asks.

George nods and rises to a cross legged seat on the sand. "Always."

Dream ends up going to the rainforest to search for more sticks and leaves for the fire, and George walks closer to the water, close enough to feel the seawater on his toes. He sighs and tips his head back, eyes closed. Every day George spends with Dream seems to be putting more and more pressure on George. He's deadly scared of cracking at some point, revealing everything and ruining their comfortable coexistence. These feelings, the heat stirring inside him, is slowly drowning the brunet. George curls into himself, pulling his feet to his chest and placing his chin on his knees. He *needs* to get over this, he needs to spill these feelings before they take over him completely.

The idea comes out of nowhere and as stupid as it sounds in his head, it might just be stupid enough to work. George lets his legs splay out and leans forwards until he is sitting on his knees, staring at the patch of sand in front of him. If he squints, he can imagine it to be an empty sheet of paper. It's the best he can do for now.

George's finger hovers over the golden surface. He peeks behind his shoulder to make sure Dream is nowhere around and of course he isn't. It's going to take him a lot longer than this to find all the sticks necessary for a fire.

George sighs and lets his finger drop to the sand, digging into it and forming a small hole. There are so many thoughts, so many *words* spinning in his mind and it's hard to grab onto just one idea. That's why he ends up only spelling out random words as soon as they surface in his buzzing mind.

*Why*

*Why you*

*Would you*

*Please*

George stares at the words, an odd thrilling feeling spinning in his stomach at the sight. It doesn't take long for the waves to wash over the words, swallowing George's secrets in one lick. It feels surprisingly relieving. Almost like he has told another person, almost. After the waves graze over the last words, there are only small dents where the words once were. You can only see them if you know to look for them.

"George," a voice sounds from behind him and George flinches a little, turning to face the source.

"Whatcha doin'?" Dream asks with a grin. He has a pile of sticks and leaves in his arms as he walks over to George.

George laughs and it's a little forced. "Nothing."

With a crook of an eyebrow, Dream hums and walks back to where the remnants of their last fire are still burning faintly. They agreed a few days ago to only keep one fire burning at a time. George had to admit that it took way too much effort to keep multiple ones all around the island alight.

"You gonna come cook this or what?" Dream asks after a while with a taunting tone that doesn't go unnoticed by George.

He grins, making his way to Dream. "Oh, I didn't know you're physically unable to place a fish on a fire."

Dream pushes George by his chest, making the brunet lose his balance and fall over on the sand.

"Hey!"

Dream snickers and reaches a hand out for the other which George instantly swats away, rising to his feet himself.

"That's fucked up," George mutters, having to crane his neck to meet Dream's eyes.

"Whatever, go make the food, Gogs."

A laugh escapes George's lips. "Gogs?"

Dream shrugs. "You don't like it?"

In an attempt to hide his face, George kneels down on the fire, starting to prepare the fish.

When George doesn't say anything, Dream continues.

“You do,” he says, clearly amused by the realization.

George sighs and rolls his eyes. “Are you gonna let me do this or not?”

“Sure, sure,” Dream mutters with a breathy laugh and starts moving towards the water but not before whispering “Gogs” with a teasing edge that makes goosebumps spread around George's shoulder blades.

Over the next few days George finds himself writing words on the sand every chance he gets. The random words soon turn to phrases that eventually turn to lengthy poems. It feels like therapy and George is surprised at how helpful it is to him and how much better he feels once he gets some of the words out of his chest where they shoot piercing pain during the days.

Dream has just gone to the forest to collect water, and as soon as he is out of sight, George practically leaps to the shore, fingers itching to write the words that have been circling his mind since the moment he woke up. The familiar feeling of sand particles scraping the skin on his knees is intoxicating as George leans to write the words.

*where do you find the audacity*

*to be that fucking beautiful*

*every single day*

*who gave you permission*

*to smile like that*

*to speak like that*

*to touch like that*

*I sure didn't*

*Does that matter though?*

*You never asked for my permission*

*when you ripped my heart from my chest*

*and claimed it yours*

*can you stop looking at me like-*

*like you don't know what you are*

*like you don't know you are everything*

*like you don't know you are the universe*

*it kills me, you kill me*

*I don't really care though, do I?*

*I don't care if I get washed up in the waves*

*because at least I've meet you*

Every time George looks at the sea nowadays, he is reminded of the words he has given to it. There's a sense of understanding or maybe pity radiating from the blue. He can almost hear the waves whisper under their breath, *we know*.

The storm doesn't come as a surprise to either of the two men. The day before the storm is laced with static air and bound by bruised clouds.

"Looks bad, doesn't it?" George asks that afternoon, glancing at the dark sky, the clouds that look heavier than they should, like they are filled with thick poison.

He's currently trying to fold palm leaves to form some kind of cups to use for water but it isn't working in his favor. The wind whips the trees and the rustling sound is almost deafening, sending shivers all down George's back. Even despite the warm, *too* warm air, the island feels cold.

Dream looks up at the sky too with a frown and a crease in the middle of his forehead.

"Yeah, it does," he says, looking back at George. "But maybe it'll pass us."

It doesn't.

The furious thunder shakes the island by its core, the sound turning George's veins into ice. It rumbles fiercely for longer than George thinks it should. He counts the seconds before the lightning strikes. An electric blue stripe flashes unmistakably close to their camp, hitting the black sea with a force that makes George unable to look away.

"Fuck," George says and quickly perks up to stand on two feet. He can feel the goosebumps forming on his skin as he walks over to Dream who is standing a few feet away from him. "What do we do?"

Dream looks just as hopeless as George does, lips slightly parted and hands grabbing the fabric of his pants.

"We're literally in the worst spot there is," he mutters. "We're surrounded by water and tall trees without shelter."

"That's not helping," George says, anxiety reaching new heights as he tries to calm down. The storm is gaining strength, thunder rumbling brutally in the background and George swears he just saw lightning flash closer to the island this time.

As the first drop of water hits George's forehead, he tips his head back to face the sky. As soon as he does this, the entire sky tears open up and releases its harsh rain all over the two. The fat raindrops are so heavy that they sting as they hit George's bare skin.

“Fuck,” George says again.

Dream looks around, eyes squinted in focus. “Let’s go to our tents.”

And who is George to fight him?

It’s terrifying, laying there under the palm leaves and sticks, waiting for the entire structure to collapse at any moment. George’s heart leaps into his throat every time he hears the thunder which is every few seconds now. It’s not like this is the first storm George has had the misfortune of witnessing. He remembers plenty of ferocious storms he went through while backpacking in Asia and obviously England isn’t all sunshine. But back then he had protection - he had a place to stay, he had knowledge of how long the storm would most likely go on, information on what to do. He had *assurance*. Now, all he has is Dream and this tent-wannabe that is one strong gust of wind away from falling on him.

The storm reaches its peak when George and Dream have been crouched up under their tents for approximately a couple hours. It feels like hell is breaking loose - thunder, wind, rain, lightning, *everything* roaring all at once like they have been waiting patiently for years to get their chance and now they aren’t holding back. George thinks for a second of what a dumb metaphor this is to his current life-situation and the storm raging in his mind. Maybe this should be some sort of a cathartic experience where George gets cleansed of his misery, but it sure as hell doesn’t feel like that as George covers his ears with his palms to try and shut away the roaring storm.

When the thunder calms down a little and the hammering rain turns into a moderate version, George peeks his head through the opening of his tent. He swallows thickly as he sees how close the waterline has come, almost reaching their shelter.

“Dream?” he asks, scared to leave the comfort of his tent.

The dirty blond quickly reaches his head out and meets George’s eyes. There’s something brewing in the yellow pools, but George doesn’t know and doesn’t have the will to try and identify what it is.

“What’s up?” Dream asks, his voice trembling a little as he brushes his hand through the strands of hair that have fallen over his eyes.

“D’you think it’s going away? That we’re good?” George asks, cringing internally at the clear hopefulness in his voice.

Dream looks out at the sea. The rain is making it hard to see anything and the darkness swallows nearly everything else that might be clear to the eye.

As he meets George’s eyes again, he says “I- I think we’re at the eye of the storm.”

A shooting pain in George’s chest nearly makes him wince. He isn’t entirely sure as to what Dream’s words mean, but he *knows* it’s not good.

“So, that means...?” George prompts. His teeth have started clattering together and his jaw is tensing to the point where it aches.



Dream closes his eyes and starts explaining.

“The eye of the storm is the *only* peaceful part of the hurricane. But getting through the eye wall... that’s the most dangerous part, that’s where the storm is the strongest.”

A beat of silence.

“So we’re screwed?” George asks, his voice cracking.

Dream’s silence speaks for itself.

George sighs. “Okay, so what should we do?”

“Well,” Dream stays silent for a while before continuing. “As I said, we’re in a really shitty spot. But, uhm, I’ve heard that you should stay as small as you can, so that the lightning is less likely to strike you-”

George’s heartbeat quickens as Dream continues.

“So we should crouch down and keep our heads down. That’s-” Dream sighs. “- the best chances we’ve got of surviving this shit.”

So when the storm intensifies, George makes a small ball out of himself, holding his knees to his chest as tightly as humanly possible to the point where it’s painful. His head is kept down just like Dream has advised. George feels colder than he has felt in a long time, even colder than he felt when he was swimming in the ocean. Shivers won’t stop tracking down his back, neck, arms and legs, and he just squeezes himself tighter.

Just when George thinks things couldn’t get any worse, the tent collapses, sticks and leaves spreading themselves over George’s shivering body. He can feel the rain drowning his body, wetting his hair, skin and clothes. George squeezes himself even tighter.

At some point, the line between George’s raging heartbeat and the violent thunder fades, and George can’t make out for the life of him which is which. So when a warm hand settles on the small of his back, George can’t figure out what’s happening. It takes multiple shakes on his body for George to regain some sort of consciousness as to where he is. When he finally stirs more present, he hears Dream’s soft voice in his ears.

“George, it’s over.”

George opens his eyes and blinks as the scene forms around him. The light makes his eyes water and he spins his head to where Dream is sitting, a smile painted on his freckled face.

“It’s over?” George asks. His voice is hoarse and shaky as he mutters the words.

Dream nods and now George realizes that Dream is rubbing circles on the small of George’s back. It hurts how much he likes it.

“We made it,” George says, still uncertain.

“Yeah, we did,” Dream answers. Then, with a frown adorning his face, “I was so fucking worried about you.”

*Worried?*

George swallows. “You were worried about me?”

Dream chuckles like the question is ridiculous. “Of course I was, I’m not about to lose my only ally on this island.”

*Right. Ally.*

“Did your tent collapse too?” George asks, craning his neck to look over.

“Yeah,” Dream says as George’s eyes land on the remnants of the structure they built together. It feels like an ending of some sort. “But that was bound to happen. ‘S not like a bunch of twigs and stones can hold a tropical storm.”

George nods and finally uncurls himself to take a seat on the sand facing Dream.

They stay silent, just looking at each other in disbelief that they actually made it out of the ferocious storm. Dream is the one to break the silence.

“We should probably go look at the damage,” he says, rubbing the back of his neck.

“And gather stuff to make new shelter,” George adds.

The storm has really done its deed. It’s scary to see all the trees that have fallen down by their roots and the puddles of water that have formed all around the island because it rained that much during the storm. George picks up decent-sized sticks and palm leaves from the ground as they walk, Dream trailing somewhere behind him. The heat is slowly rising and George has to wipe beads of sweat from his forehead and upper lip.

“What if another storm comes?” George asks at some point, turning to look at the taller.

Dream shrugs, looking around. “Let’s just hope someone comes rescue us before that.”

“Mhm, but what if no one comes?” Anxiety makes George's stomach drop uncomfortably. "I mean, how many storms can we take? And what if the water rises to the point where there is no island? What if-”

Dream cuts George’s anxious blabbering by placing a firm hand on his shoulder.

“Hey, let’s not go there. Let’s just focus on the fact that we made it-” He shoots George a reassuring smile. “- and we’re alive.”

George sighs, doing his best to ignore the hand still lingering on his skin, sending sparks that make his head feel like cotton candy.

“You’re right.”

Dream grins. “Of course I’m right.”

With a huff and an eyeroll, George swats Dream’s hand off of him and says “Don’t get too cocky.”

“Oh, you love it Georgie. Don’t pretend otherwise.”

George shakes his head. “Let’s just keep going.”

The rest of the walk goes by in mutual silence, Dream playfully nudging George every now and then, provoking sinful thoughts in George’s mind which he tries to ignore by looking at his

surroundings: The palm tree that looks like it's an inch away from collapsing over them both, the overflowing puddle of water surrounded by mud, the glistening water drops bending from the stalks of grass and colorful flowers.

By the time they arrive at the other end of the island, George's mind is practically buzzing from trying not to think about Dream.

"Hey."

Dream's voice wakes George up from his trance. He hums and turns to look at the other. As he does this, he notices the odd expression painted on the freckled face.

"What?" George asks, but as he follows Dream's gaze to the shore, he sees the reason behind his evident shock. "Shit."

They both run to the shore as fast as they can, water splashing as they run towards the unconscious man floating on the turquoise water with his face facing the sky. Dream grabs the brown-haired man by his arms, dragging him to the sand.

"Is he-?" George asks, voice shaky as he kneels beside Dream.

Dream reaches his two fingers to rest on the man's pulsepoint on his throat, eyes screwed shut as he apparently focuses on finding a heartbeat. Seconds feel like hours until finally Dream opens his eyes and looks at George.

"He's alive."

Everything happens quickly next: Dream starts compressing the unconscious man's chest as George sits beside him, not knowing how to help. It only takes a few pulses on the man's chest until he spits salty seawater and blinks his eyes open, gaze switching between George and Dream.

"Hey," George mutters, shock still coursing in his veins as he tries to wrap his head around what's happening. It feels like a dream - another human being other than Dream on the island.

The man opens his mouth a couple times, no words leaving his lips.

"It's okay," Dream says from George's side. "You're okay."

It takes a while for the man to rise to a seat, but when he does, George notices that he's about the same height as him. His wavy brown hair is overgrown, falling all the way past his eyes. A faint stubble is spread around his jaw, highlighting the harsh jawline.

"Shit" is the first thing the man says with a croaky voice, followed by "Where am I?"

George and Dream share a glance before looking back to the brunet.

"Uhm, we're on an island... er, stranded," George explains thinking back to how he had to break the news to Dream. It feels like a lifetime ago.

The man nods and to both their surprise grins widely, his eyes squinting as he does this. He tips his head back and barks out a bubbly laugh that shakes his body. George nervously glances over to Dream again and they share a similar look that seems to ask *Is this guy a lunatic?*

Once the man's laughing fades, he looks over at the two, still smiling. "It's so fucking good to see other people."

Next, without warning, the man wraps his hands around George's neck as he hugs him tightly. George stays still, not really having processed what's actually going on. When the man releases him, something connects in George's mind.

"Wait," he says, inspecting the other's face more closely. "You were on the plane."

The man nods enthusiastically. "Yup!"

"How did you make it?" George asks in disbelief.

The man, name still a mystery to George, smiles sadly.

"I woke up at an island-" he looks around him "- a *smaller* one than this. And I just tried to make it there, fishing and shit."

Dream looks over at George and George looks back, a smile creeping on both their faces.

The man shifts, wiping sand off of his drenched clothes.

"You can call me Sapnap by the way."

## Chapter End Notes

Heyy!

I know I'm supposed to be updating once a week but I couldn't wait. Writing this was so fun and I'm so excited for the next chapter. Also, I changed some of the tags and the rating is now mature (I'm not sure why I put it as teen&up in the first place).

Comments and kudos are always greatly appreciated.

For updates on my works/if you wanna be friends:

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# Sleep

## Chapter Notes

tw: (mild) anxiety, mention of blood (very brief and easy to miss)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You can call me Sapnap by the way.”

The new man, Sapnap, explains to them both how the raging storm wrecked his island and how there was no way of surviving there, forcing Sapnap to try and swim in the restless sea and find shelter.

“Dude, I can’t believe you didn’t die,” Dream states with wide eyes as Sapnap describes the pitch-black sea that threatened to drown him.

Sapnap shakes his head, overgrown strands of hair tickling his long eyelashes.

“Me neither.” He visibly shivers a little before continuing. “The whole time I just thought *this is it* in my head.”

When the heat radiating from the burning sun slowly begins to turn more and more daunting, the three men retreat to the shade of the rainforest. As they start walking towards camp, or what’s left of it, George keeps glancing over at Sapnap, mild disbelief still present in his mind. It’s like he’s almost forgotten how to act around other people than Dream, which sounds sad when he thinks about it. He’s become so accustomed to interpreting the tall, dirty blond man - every tone in his voice, every flicker in his eyes, every clench of a muscle. Sapnap is new territory and it makes George both anxious and excited.

Over the course of the day, George, Dream and Sapnap rebuild their old tents and make one for the new addition to their group.

“Shit, I just pulled some palm leaves I found on top of me when I slept back at my island,” Sapnap says with evident awe in his words as he finishes up with his tent.

Dream nods, beaming at his own creation. “Yeah, this was all George’s idea.”

“Mhm,” George hums. “Dream was so against it when I first suggested it.”

George takes a seat on the sand and hisses a little as the hotness of the golden particles burns his bare skin on the back of his thighs. The sensation never seems to get any better.

Dream is rolling his eyes as he sits a little way over from George, feet digging into the sand as he leans back. “I wasn’t *so opposed* to it.”

“Yeah right,” George says with a teasing edge to his words as he grins at Dream’s frustrated

expression. Turning his head to the left, George sees Sapnap looking at them both with amusement painted on his face.

“Are you guys always like this? I mean, if I had to stay on an island with someone 24/7, there’d be some issues.” He chuckles at his own comment.

George and Dream's eyes meet and after a beat of silence they burst into laughter that has them both wiping tears from the corners of their eyes. Sapnap is switching his gaze between them both with parted lips from confusion.

“What?” he asks through a breathy chuckle.

George sighs as the laughing fades into giddiness. “It’s just that... Dream was an asshole at first.”

“Hey!” the aforementioned snaps.

George laughs. “You *were!*”

Even if George doesn’t admit it, he still enjoys their innocent bickering - it makes his heart beat quicker and his skin crawl the best possible way from all the happy hormones coursing through his veins. It’s a thrill, which is why he often doesn’t want to stop it even though he knows better.

“Whatever,” the dirty blond says as he tips his head back, allowing his eyes to close. George swallows and tries not to linger on all the exposed skin around Dream's throat and collarbones that the bright rays of sun are coloring paler. He can clearly see all the dark freckles decorating his skin and it makes George's mouth water.

“So you were, what? *Enemies* ?” Sapnap asks with a small giggle, interrupting George's dazed headspace.

He meets Sapnap’s eyes and gives the man a small smile.

“I mean, almost,” George says, looking over at Dream for confirmation. As the dirty blond nods, George goes on. “We were pretty much on each other’s throats for the first few days.” He grins and puts on a mocking voice as he says, “but then I hurt myself and Dream’s heart *melted*.”

Dream laughs at this, but before he can refuse anything, George says “No, really we just started getting along more and now we’re all good.” Something about the words feels wrong in George’s mouth, but he ignores it, not wanting to attract the two's attention and cause questions he so desperately wants to avoid.

“Yeah,” Dream agrees from his side. He's smiling in that particular way that forms deep dimples on his cheeks and makes him look boyish. “We're good.”

The bonfire on the shore has long ago died out, but neither Dream nor George mention it. Maybe a small part of George knows it won’t make much of a difference.

Sapnap fits right into their friendship like he was always meant to come here, stay with Dream and George on the island. Nights are filled with deafening laughter as they share stories and joke around about anything and everything. In those moments George forgets about the island and the fact that he hasn’t talked to any of his friends for weeks. Sometimes George wishes he wouldn’t forget because it just makes it that much more painful when the reality hits him like a train.

George has always been an anxious person and the island isn't helping heal his mental distress. Anxiety always affects his sleep which has been awful for the entire stay on this isle, nights spent twisting and turning in his cramped shelter until his muscles ache from all the movement. Somehow it's only going in a worse direction, but George is used to this by now. It's fine. He's fine.

Leaning onto a palm tree, George pulls his knees to his chest and closes his eyes, listening to the wind whirring around the shore. It's been a long day of doing nothing and George is so exhausted, he thinks he'll actually pass out against this tree. Something grazes his knee and as George blinks, he notices Sapnap's wide grin.

"What did you do?" George asks, tiredness showing clearly through the slurring in his words.

Sapnap throws another piece of a stick at the other and it lands on George's shin.

"Why are you an idiot?" George asks, throwing the same piece back at Sapnap who dodges it and just grins wider.

George traces his gaze across the shore to Dream and finds the man laying some feet away from him, clearly sound asleep.

The warmth is all encompassing, seeping through everything and making it difficult to think straight or think at all. A layer of sweat seems to always be covering George's skin no matter how much he swims or tries to stay in shade.

"Hey, George," a voice sounds and George turns his gaze back at Sapnap who's looking at him with a more serious expression now.

"Mm?"

Sapnap stays silent, appearing like he's thinking hard about something until he shakes his head and lets his eyes close.

"S'nothing."

George grunts, but he's too tired to think about it. Despite doing his best to ignore it, George has noticed something weird about Sapnap. He notices the small glances directed in his way, the unsaid words hovering in the air like mist before sunrise. But it's easy for George to blame it on the lack of human contact outside from Dream.

So, he lets himself drop deeper into this state of ignorance that's only filled with the continuous cries of the ocean and the sensation of soft wind brushing the shells of his ears, loose strands of brown hair tickling the tip of his nose.

He doesn't fall asleep, but he lingers in almost-unconsciousness where anything is possible and nothing is, not making out if what's happening is *actually* happening or just an illusion created by his colorful mind.

George soon comes to learn that Sapnap and Dream go together like two peas in a pod. Their sense of humor is annoyingly similar and the desire to tease George is also a rallying point. Sapnap can fish and he knows some of the edible plants on the island which, after serious arguing, George

agrees to eat. It's not uncommon that George finds himself almost third-wheeling whether it be from not knowing a certain joke or not being able to participate in fishing which is after all how they spend most of their days.

No one likes being the odd one out, especially not George. If this were all happening out there in the "real world", he would've long ago left, gone to find new friends that make him feel more welcome.

Of course the three talk and have fun, but there's something different about the way Sapnap looks at Dream to the way he looks at George. Like there's something puzzling about George or maybe something he dislikes about him. It threatens to drive George mad and he's already dangerously close to the edge, what with all his internal pining over the tall, freckled man that just won't stop teasing him and making him flustered. George thanks whatever god there is that Sapnap doesn't have freckles adorning his features because then he'd be utterly screwed.

George has never stopped writing his poems despite the addition to their group. Every moment of solace he can grasp is spent carving the small letters on golden sand, wishing to be left unperturbed. He racks his brain for short snippets from poems he remembers going through in university, but it's difficult because his brain hasn't quite registered them all. Maybe it's because he wasn't this in love back then so the words didn't hold such a crushing weight that George begs to be released off. Despite his poor memory, George still manages to scramble some phrases.

Some day, he'll be caught up in watching the way Dream's dirty blond curls tumble just short of grazing his jaw and he'll write

*I crave your mouth, your voice, your hair.*

Another day, all he can think about is the bubbly sound of Dream's laugh that sends goosebumps trailing across the expanse of George's skin, shivers going all down his spine simultaneously. Then he'll write

*Next to the sea in the autumn,*

*your laughter must raise*

*its foamy cascade,*

*and in the spring, love,*

*I want your laughter like the flower I was waiting for,*

*the blue flower, the rose*

*of my echoing country*

George is frustrated with himself as he can't recall the poem that's literally called "A Dream". All George can remember are the first two phrases. He sits on the sand, staring blankly at the waves gently making their way towards him and away, towards him and away. Eventually he gives up and lets his finger fall back on his lap from where it has been tracing the same words over and over again until they are so thick that they are almost unreadable.

*In visions of the dark night*



*I have dreamed of joy departed*

“So, Sapnap’s pretty great, huh.”

Dream is looking at George with an expectant look on his face. They are sitting on the shore by the lover-trees, Sapnap somewhere collecting plants for them to eat with their fish. Night is already clawing its cold nails towards them, shadows turning from light blue to a deeper color that George can’t quite make out.

“Yeah, yeah,” George responds, but it comes out flat and weak. He couldn’t convince a soul.

Dream’s eyebrows knit together as he studies the brunet’s expression.

“What’s wrong with him?” he asks and it isn’t accusing, more curious than anything.

With a shrug, George tries again and says, “He’s fine.”

His fingers have been tracing patterns on the soft, plush sand for a long time and the skin around his nails is tingling from the continuous contact. As he retracts them from the golden ground, he peers at his nails and cringes at the way the crumbs have made their way under the white surface.

“George,” Dream says softly and George can’t help himself from shivering at the way the word slides off Dream’s tongue. “You don’t like him, do you?”

The brunet is quick to shake his head. “No, no, that’s not it.”

“What is *it* then?” Dream asks, tilting his head to one side. He looks like a damn puppy and George wishes it wouldn’t make his heart melt in his chest.

He decides to keep his eyes on his nails as if they are the most fascinating thing he has ever seen because just looking into Dream’s yellow eyes feels like it’s too much. The mere gaze is hot enough to light him on fire, even hotter than the seething sun during the warmest hour of the day.

“It’s just that-” George sighs loudly. “I don’t think he likes me that much.”

Dream’s laugh catches George off guard and he lifts his gaze, meeting the grin on Dream’s face. “Of course he does. What are you talking about?”

With a huff, George says, “Haven’t you seen the way he is around me? It’s so different from how he is with you.”

Dream’s smile fades and his eyebrows knit together once again.

“What do you mean?”

George is so over this conversation, just hoping to talk about something shallow like the starry sky already forming itself above them or childhood-pets or *anything* else but this.

“He just- *ughh...*” the exasperated groan that escapes his lips is louder than he intended it to be and he can feel the blush spreading across his cheeks. “He looks at me all weird and like I’m just amusing him, I don’t know. He looks at *you* with this appreciation and... “ George is about to say *care* but cuts himself off because it would sound a bit exaggerated and all in all pathetic. The last thing he wants to do is sound like he’s making a big deal about someone not caring about him enough.

“Well,” Dream is quiet for a while, looking into the horizon. “You should talk to him about it then.”

George cringes. “I don’t know about that.”

“You should! It’s probably a misunderstanding or something. I can’t think of any reason why someone wouldn’t like you.”

The blush from previously deepens and George drops his gaze to his hands.

“Oh *George*,” Dream sings and George can hear the smirk in his voice. He hates it. “You getting flustered there?”

“Shut up,” George says but doesn’t lift his gaze.

From the corner of his eye, he sees Dream begin maneuvering himself closer to George. *Fuck*. He absolutely hates it when Dream gets like this, teasing for the hell of it, just to see George blush and stammer in his words. It makes his heart beat faster and his hands sweat even more than they normally do.

“You do know that you’re great, right?” Dream asks with a pestering edge to his words and George pulls his knees to his chest, burrowing his face in his palms.

“You’re such an idiot,” he mumbles from between the slits of his fingers. “*Such* an idiot.”

Dream laughs and it’s low, *purring* and George thinks he’ll melt right here, become a puddle on the sand. The taller is dangerously close to George now, voice coming clearer and clearer.

“You’re so cute,” he murmurs and George wants to punch him. Or kiss him. Or- “It’s so cute when you get so flustered.”

“Fuck off,” George says but his voice just sounds whiny in his ears. The hold on his knees gets tighter.

“Sapnap loves you, don’t worry.” Dream’s tone still sounds so teasing that George can’t help but feel confused and a little insulted. Maybe he’s just looking for any excuse to make self-deprecating comments of himself inside his mind.

George’s voice is stern this time as he says “Can you please go away? ”

There’s no hesitation as Dream scrambles back, muttering short *sorry*’s while doing this. It makes George feel awful. Guilt and want swirling together to make a bittersweet mixture that tastes like acid in his mouth.

“It’s fine,” George says because it *should* be fine. He shouldn’t feel this flustered just because a friend teases him and gets a little close.

Dream looks a little relieved, the slumping of his shoulders a clear indication of this.

“Just-” the dirty blond smiles nervously. “talk to him, okay?”

George nods. “Okay.”

It’s the next day when George gets left alone with Sapnap. It’s clear that Dream intentionally gives

them privacy, giving George an encouraging smile from behind Sapnap's back before disappearing to “go get water”.

Sapnap is leaning against a palm tree, hands held above his eyes to create shade from the intensely radiant streaks of sunlight peeking through plush white clouds.

Not knowing how to start, George ends up coughing to gain the other's attention. As soon as the bright eyes turn to George, he blushes a little from embarrassment. Why does he have to be so awkward all the time?

“Um, Sap?” George starts, moving to face the other better. The milky white skin of his legs is covered with faint red marks from sharp twigs having scraped them on his many walks through the forest. He absentmindedly traces one finger along the most prominent one.

“What's up?” Sapnap asks with his characteristic nonchalant tone.

Choosing to just spit it out, George asks “Do you have some kind of a problem with me?” He's immediately thrown back by his own frontness, but doesn't show it, looking straight into the other's eyes with a challenging gaze.

Sapnap's eyebrows squeeze together, a crease forming on his forehead. “What? Of course not.”

“Then why are you weird around me?” George asks, frustration pouring into his words. The pressure of his nail on his skin intensifies without him noticing it until a small drop of blood erupts from under his finger. He lets his hands flop on his lap.

“I'm not *weird*,” Sapnap says, but there's something hiding behind the words. Hesitation? Fear?

George huffs. “You *are*. Did I do something? Or don't you just like me?” In his head, he sounds like a pathetic elementary school student craving someone's acceptance. It makes him scrunch his nose.

Sapnap just stares at him and the silence is nerve wracking until Sapnap asks with a barely audible whisper, “Do you really think I don't like you?”

George looks at Sapnap like he's crazy. “Yeah?”

As soon as George has said this, the brunet in front of him bursts into laughter.

“You can't be that stupid? Seriously.”

And at the moment, George *feels* stupid. He tries to rack his brain for some kind of a hint, but all he knows is that Sapnap acts odd when he's around.

“Well, what is it then?” George prompts, crossing his hands in front of his chest.

The brunet grins, but he looks uncomfortable doing it. It's like he's eaten something spoiled. For a fleeting moment George is convinced he's not going to tell him, but then Sapnap sighs and opens his mouth.

“From the first moment I met you, I've- I've kinda had my eyes on you-” he looks down at his hands. “I know it's dumb, but I sorta... have these feelings for you and, I don't know, I guess that's why I've been acting weird.” When George doesn't say anything, he adds, “Sorry.”

Silence settles around them again and George's brain is filled with questions, only one making its

way out of his mouth.

“Why?”

Sapnap grins at the question. “Why not? Haven’t you honestly seen yourself? You’re so pretty it hurts.”

A heat rushes to George’s cheeks and he tries to cover it with his hands as Sapnap continues.

“But I’m not dumb, George. I’m pretty sure you don’t have the same feelings for me.” His voice is soft and kind, and George feels like crying. “Do you?”

George debates running off to the other end of the isle, escaping all of this. But that wouldn’t be fair and that would make everything only worse. So George lets his hands drop back on his lap from where they were covering his face and lifts his gaze to meet Sapnap smiling at him. *How didn’t he figure this out sooner?*

“No,” he whispers. “I’m sorry. I really am.”

Sapnap shakes his head. “It’s okay, dude. I think I... I needed to hear you say it. It’s probably got to do with this place anyway. I literally spent two weeks all alone on a deserted island, no wonder I fell for the first person I saw.”

George grins. “So it has nothing to do with me being *so pretty it hurts* .”

The man facing George grins as well. “Don’t hype yourself too much.”

George puts on a smug face. “Your words, not mine.”

They laugh and George feels a weight getting lifted from his chest, hope for a better friendship forming in its place and sending shocks of elation through George’s body. He lets his back fall on the sandy ground and closes his eyes, a smile still lingering on his lips. It has never made much sense to him that people would *actually* like him and have feelings for him. Some part of him has always refused the possibility even when past boyfriends would spend days and nights trying to show George how much he meant for them.

It still makes his chest clench though, the thought that Sapnap, a perfectly good-looking and funny and kind man, has feelings for him, but George is hung up on someone who probably isn’t even into men. Sometimes the universe can be awfully cruel.

“So, what’s the deal with you and Dreamie-boy?” Sapnap asks, breaking the lingering silence between them.

George can feel his heart beating a little faster in his chest at the insinuation and he would bet a hundred dollars that his face looks like a bright red tomato.

“...nothing,” he says and it sounds like a lie, so he tries again. “We’re just friends.”

Sapnap hums incredulously.

“Seriously, we are,” George continues.

The words are painfully true and the elation from before subsides a little.

“You sure about that? Because-” Sapnap cuts himself off mid-sentence as the leaves ruffle some feet away from them and Dream appears on the shore looking as dazzling as always.

“You guys good?” the dirty blond asks with a bright smile, white teeth flashing and making George’s stomach swirl a little.

George nods. “We’re good.”

Sapnap hums, but George can feel his eyes piercing into his back at the unanswered questions.

When Dream later asks about the conversation, George just says that it was a misunderstanding. Dream doesn’t ask any further questions, merely pointing out how he was right and George was wrong. George wishes he could be done with all this, with *Dream* and the damn island .

More days pass on the island, sticking together like wet pages on a book. The three-week mark feels depressing, but Dream tries to keep their motivation going, talking about all the things they can do when they get rescued. George wishes he wouldn’t because it raises all kinds of unsettling questions in George’s brain. Questions about what *will* happen when or if they ever get off this island? Is George ever going to see the two guys again? Will his feelings for the dirty blond ever fade? Will George move on, get right back to the life he was living before the island? Does he even want to go back to that life?

When combined with the anxiety he already holds in his heart, George’s nights have started becoming border-line unbearable. He’s used to sleeping only a few hours a night, but this is starting to reach new levels that make him terrified. Some nights he’ll sleep for approximately one hour and spend the rest of the night wandering aimlessly around the island. Other nights he won’t even sleep that much, either laying on the sand, staring up at the starry sky for the entire night or going to one of the many places on the island he likes to spend his time at.

Dream and Sapnap seem to be oblivious to this - George does a good job at always returning to his tent by the time they wake up. This time though, things don’t go to plan.

It’s one of those nights where George doesn’t get a blink of sleep, sweating furiously, his heart pounding loud and fast in his chest. So, he decides to promenade to a certain spot not too far from their camp.

The rustling sound of leaves scrunching as George takes careful steps on them echoes through the forest and George’s muscles tense even despite the knowledge that both of the men sleep like logs, not having woken up even when George once accidentally tripped on the shore next to them, splashing water and making loud noises. When they had asked him that morning why he was so wet, George had only said that he must’ve been sleepwalking.

The glowing moonlight is the only source of light in the twilight, creating faint shadows all around the forest. George finds the place he has been looking for - a large, flat stone under a particularly tall palm tree. Shadows welcome George into their dark blue hold. It’s comforting and George wants to drown in the shades, sink into the darkness until there’s nothing but a memory of him left.

The smooth surface of the stone still holds some of the warmth from the day, a reminder that no matter what happens, the sun will come back up, the heat will return and make George want to disappear all over again.

George doesn’t know how long he has been laying on the hard stone when a sound makes his eyes

widen - someone is calling his name. But as George tries to hear better, he can only make out the familiar sounds of the waves and the faint wind. Deciding he must've imagined it, George lets his eyes close again.

But then the sound erupts again, clearer this time and laced with something resembling concern.

“George!”

Not a minute later, the figure of a tall man appears on George’s field of vision, and *of course* it’s Dream.

George rises to take a seat on the stone, a low grunt escaping his lips as shooting pain sparks in his lower back.

“Dream?” His voice is silent but so is the forest.

Shuffling and rustling of leaves follow before Dream comes to stand in front of George, his face somewhat visible with the faint silver light reflecting from the moon. Dream looks relieved at the sight of George. He also looks deadly tired.

“Why are you here? Why are you up?” George asks silently, still afraid of making too much noise.

Dream chuckles and he looks a little weird doing so. “I could ask *you* the same thing.”

A pause follows as Dream looks around his surroundings, taking everything in. “I woke up and saw you weren’t there. And I fucking panicked so much, thought you...” Dream trails off, eyebrows knitting together and he doesn’t finish the thought. But George can fill out the missing holes.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to worry you,” George says and nervously fidgets with his fingers. “Fuck, I just couldn’t sleep so I came here.”

“Yeah?”

George hums. “Yeah.”

They both look at their feet for some time, George too scared to meet Dream’s eyes and Dream, well, Dream just won’t look.

“So, you do this often?” Dream finally asks, the ghost of a smile on his lips.

George laughs nervously, rubbing the back of his neck where his fingertips tangle in too-long strands of hair. “Uh... kinda, yeah.”

The situation feels really personal, like George and Dream are the only people in the world, blessed to share this time and space together. It would be nice if George wouldn’t feel like he’s suffocating under Dream’s presence, the warmth radiating from him hot enough to burn George’s skin, leaving stinging red marks all across the pale white.

“Do you sleep, George?” Dream asks and his tone lacks any humor or airiness. It’s purely concern for the other and it makes George’s chest ache.

George considers lying, but what good would that do?

“No, I don’t really,” he mutters through a smile. He doesn’t know why he’s smiling. Maybe he finds his own suffering laughable. Maybe he hopes it’ll make things less tense, less grave and serious.

Dream stays quiet until he gestures at the stone and asks, "Can I sit with you?"

Immediately George pats the stone by him and scooches over to make some room. The feeling of Dream's warmth coming closer to him is like taking a step into a pit of fire - flames wrap George from every direction and George can't see or think straight. All he can do is let Dream burn him until he's a useless pool of whatever humans leave behind when they pass away.

Dream's feet dangle from the edge of the rock, gently brushing the stalks of hay. He's not wearing any shoes and George wonders if his feet are ticklish. George pulls his own legs to his chest, a useless effort to make himself feel more secure. It's not like he's afraid of Dream - quite the opposite, but he can't trust himself around the boy. He doesn't feel safe around *himself*.

"D'you know why you can't sleep?" Dream asks, breaking the silence with his effortless words that tumble from his lips like delicate flowers. George wants to grab each one and store them in his heart until the end of days.

George shrugs. "I've got sleep insomnia, so I've never really slept well. But-" he sighs and places his chin on his knees, skin rubbing against rough fabric. "This island just has me fucked up." *You have me fucked up.*

When George falls silent, Dream nods next to him. "Yeah, I think it would have anyone fucked up."

Then, when George doesn't say anything, Dream goes on. "But you do know that you've got to sleep, right?"

George rolls his eyes. "No, Dream. I thought sleeping was voluntary."

Dream huffs and George can feel the breath of air lingering around him. "Seriously, George. If I can help you in any way, just name it."

"Mhm," George hums and Dream nudges his shoulder playfully causing George to blush, thanking the night for hiding his flustered appearance.

The night is an unfamiliarly cool one and George can feel goosebumps forming on his skin, an involuntary shiver shaking his body. Dream notices this and turns to look into George's eyes.

"You cold?" he asks, moving closer to George.

George swallows. "No." His voice comes out shaky and more like a question than a statement.

Dream smiles. "You sure?"

George tries to nod, but freezes when one of Dream's hands wraps around his body, pulling him closer to his large frame.

"This okay?" Dream asks, apparently noticing George's tenseness. And what is he even supposed to answer to that? *No, it's not okay because being this close to you kills me. I'm going to break, snap in half.*

"Yeah, it's okay."

George can feel Dream's every breath, his chest pushing closer to George with every inhale. It

makes George wish humans didn't breathe - photosynthesis sounds far more tempting if you ask him. Dream is craning his neck to meet George's eyes.

"We better get back, don't you think?" he asks with a softness that only adds to the fire burning in George's core.

George nods, unable to utter a single word when Dream is looking at him with those twinkling damn eyes.

As they jump off the rock, George thinks Dream will let go of him and they'll walk separately, but then Dream just snakes his hand around George's waist making George question everything. *Is this how friends behave around each other?*

The walk to camp feels like it never ends, but when it eventually does, George shakes Dream's hand off, retreating to his own tent with a silently muttered 'Good night'.

But of course he can't sleep. It's even worse now that the heat from Dream's touch lingers on every square inch on George's body causing his heart to beat like it's trying to perform some kind of a record. George squeezes his eyes tightly shut until he sees stars swarming in the pitch-black.

"George," a whisper comes from some feet away.

George immediately opens his eyes and peeks his head through a palm leaf to gaze over at the source. The stars are reflected in Dream's eyes as they peer at George. A smile tugs at the corners of the dirty blond's mouth and he shuffles out of his tent. George does the same.

As soon as they're out, Dream asks "Can't sleep?"

"No," George whispers, gaze flickering over to the third man sleeping across from him.

Dream apparently notices this as he says, "Sap's not gonna wake up. He's the definition of 'sleeps like a baby'."

George chuckles and nods, crossing his legs in front of him and starting to trace shapes on the soft sand. From the corner of his eye he can see Dream trying to cover up a yawn with his fist.

"You can go to sleep, Dream," he says as another yawn escapes the taller's lips.

Dream shakes his head. "I won't."

"Don't be a baby," George teases, absentmindedly drawing a heart in front of him on the sand. He quickly brushes his palm over it and replaces the shape with a simple star. *That's safer.*

"You're the baby," Dream says, his words slurring a little from how tired he is.

George huffs. "Sick burn, dude." He brushes his fingertips on his shirt to rid himself of the sand clinging to his skin, and lets his hands rest on his thighs. "Just go to sleep. I don't want you staying up because of me."

Dream just stares at George for a while through squinted eyes that promise nothing good.

"Let's both go to sleep," he eventually says and George rolls his eyes at this.

"Unless you have booze or weed with you, I don't think that's happening."



Dream shakes his head. “Just- I have this thing that always helps me sleep.” He smiles coyly. “Or at least it *did* when I was younger.”

“If you’re gonna start singing a lullaby, I’ll literally go drown myself,” George states and laughs at the shocked expression that forms on Dream’s face at the words.

After another shake of his head, Dream says “Please, just, get over here” and pats the open space in front of his lap. George rolls his eyes, but still does as he’s told, taking a seat so that he’s facing Dream.

“Okay, now turn around.”

George crooks an eyebrow, but again, does as told. The familiar butterflies start making loops in his stomach because of their proximity. When he’s sitting with his back facing Dream’s chest, the aforementioned pulls George even closer so that his head is resting on Dream’s lap. The position exposes George’s face to Dream and he tries to cover himself up in the fear of blushing or doing something even worse. Dream stops him by placing both his hands on either side of George’s head, fingertips dipping in George’s hair. The action causes George to gasp, barely hiding it behind a cough.

“Just, relax,” Dream whispers with a low voice that vibrates off of his body, sending sparks up George’s spine. George hums and closes his eyes so that he doesn’t have to look at the other’s face. That could cause problems.

He tenses as one of Dream’s fingers comes to George’s forehead, right under his hairline.

“Relax,” Dream repeats with a somewhat frustrated tone in his voice and George feels the need to escape this - whatever *this* is, but he stays, allowing himself to *relax* as Dream has emphasized.

Dream brushes the strands of hair from George’s forehead, pulling them to the side with soft touches. Just that contact alone makes George shiver and he begs Dream doesn’t notice. Maybe he does or maybe he doesn’t - either way, he doesn’t mention it, continuing to trace his fingertip across George’s temples, down the bridge of his nose and back up to trace his eyebrows. There’s something hypnotizing about the movement and George feels like he’s falling. He doesn’t fight it.

Fingers dip into George’s hair again, nails softly teasing George’s scalp, sending shocks of pleasure down his back. George can feel his lips part involuntarily but he lets them, far too tired to care anymore. He feels safe here, held in Dream’s touch. It makes him realize just how unsafe he has been feeling, even before the island. That’s the last thing George thinks about before his mind gives up and lets him fall into deep slumber, hands continuing to caress his hair.

## Chapter End Notes

Heyy!

First off, I wanted to say that I know you aren't suppose to really quote parts of poems (it's usually more respectable to quote the entire poem), but that doesn't really work for what I'm going at. I hope that doesn't make people upset. The poems in this chapter were by Pablo Neruda and Edgar Allan Poe.

Secondly, my school is ending tomorrow (yay!) and I'm going on a roadtrip really soon so I'll probably be speedrunning this fic cause I really want to finish it before the

trip :) Luckily I have the time and (at least for now) the motivation.

Comments and kudos are greatly appreciated (more than you can even imagine) !

For updates on my works/if you wanna be friends:

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# Jealousy

## Chapter Notes

tw: angst (that's kinda a given but just a heads up)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

That's the last thing George thinks about before his mind gives up and lets him fall into deep slumber, hands continuing to caress his hair.

There's a foreign weight and warmth wrapped around George as he blinks his eyes open. The sun is shining so brightly on his face it's blinding so he closes his eyes again, tucking his chin towards his chest in the hopes to return to the sweet ignorance from just a moment ago. Then a loud exhale comes from somewhere close to George, *too close*, followed by a vibrating sensation on George's back.

*What?*

Craning his neck, George tries to see what's going on. To his shock, his eyes meet a familiar freckled face, dirty blond strands of hair covering half of the man's features. Memories from last night come to him in flashes - George not getting any sleep, Dream asking him to *come here*, Dream's hands softly playing with George's hair.

It all makes George's breath catch in his throat like someone had punched him hard in the stomach and he suddenly feels very sick. Sick with guilt and confusion and frustration and sadness and anger. He begins peeling Dream's hand from where it's tightly wrapped around his bare waist, hot skin against hot skin.

But as George lifts Dream's hand, the taller grunts and only manages to grip tighter around George to the point where the brunet can hardly breathe. Panic slowly seeps into George's bones and he *needs* to get out. *This isn't right.*

It takes a few tries, but eventually George slithers out of Dream's hold, backing away from the unconscious man as soon as he's out. He can feel the familiar aching sensation intensifying in his chest at the sight of Dream sleeping idly on the sand and just the thought that George was there a moment ago, *with him*, is enough to make his head spin.

But the sickly feeling of guilt never relents, never lets go. Dream was helping out his friend and George made it something weird, dirty. He is disgusting, repulsive and what he needs is *distance*.

George doesn't even know how he finds himself at the beach by the Lover-trees, but he's there, slumping on the sand as gentle waves hit his knees, splashing water on his clothes. He leans forward to claw his hands into the golden sand, gripping it with all his strength.

It's so early that the sizzling heat of the sun hasn't yet kicked in, highlighting the icy cold flowing in him. As much as he hates the way Dream's presence makes him hot and bothered, he would take

that hot feeling any day if it meant he wouldn't have to go through the sensation of his blood freezing in his veins.

He's so done with the island. He's so done feeling like this, just *feeling* too much. Gazing into the horizon, at the miles upon miles of blue water, George wonders how far he could swim if he just tried. There has to be land at some point. Surely a boat would meet George at some point of the stretch.

But of course George knows he doesn't have the strength or the lungs to do that. No way. A sudden, yet unsurprising sob shakes George's entire body and he feels like screaming. But what good would that do? He leans back to sit on his heels, salty tears flowing down his face, making the scene of the ocean blurry in his eyes. George feels like he's back in elementary school; crying over some hopeless crush under his too-hot blanket, trying to keep the noise down so his parents won't hear.

"George?"

The crying comes to a sudden halt at the sound of someone saying his name and so does everything else. George could swear his heart stops beating and the blood stops coursing through his veins.

"You okay?" Sapnap asks when George doesn't answer anything.

George keeps his gaze glued to the sea as he wipes the warm tears from his face. "Yeah, I'm fine." His voice comes out shaky and hoarse. *Fuck.*

"You don't sound fine," Sapnap responds softly and George can see from the corner of his eye as he walks closer to George on the sand. "Talk to me."

George shakes his head and slaps his hands on his face to stop the tears from flowing down, but of course they come anyway. Just another reminder of how little power he has over himself - over his feelings, over his body, over *anything*.

Sapnap is sitting on the sand next to George now, extending his feet until they are emerged in the water right to his ankles. He's not saying anything, apparently giving George time to speak if he wants to. George wants to tell him how much he appreciates it, but he doesn't feel in control of his voice anymore, a painful grip straining his throat from having to hold back from sobbing right then and there.

"Is it Dream?" Sapnap finally asks, clearly not managing to stay silent longer.

George looks over at Sapnap, more fat, salty tears falling down his reddened cheeks. He sees Sapnap's face turning a little distorted from how pained seeing George like this makes him. Sapnap looks about ready to start crying himself and George begs he doesn't.

"I-uhm-" Sapnap coughs to clear his throat. "I saw you and Dream, uh, sleeping together."

Embarrassment and shame make George feel like throwing up. He turns to gaze back at the sea.

"Hey, no shame here or anything!" Sapnap quickly adds. "You and Dream seem really good together."

The words sting. *Hard.*

"We're not together," George manages to say and his voice sounds like he has something clogging his throat.

Sapnap stays still for a moment before nodding. "Oh- okay. Sorry for, uhm, assuming."

"It's okay."

But Sapnap continues blabbering. "It just really looked like- like you had something. And I don't know, you just sorta act like-"

"I said it's *fine* ," George snaps, turning to face the other, and he's startled by just how angry he sounds.

An expression of hurt passes through Sapnap's features before he adopts a neutral look to his face.

Wind whooshes through the forest and George *hates* the sound. He wishes to hear anything else but the fucking wind, all - the - time. George misses the sound of birds chirping their high pitched notes, the sound of people chattering, *many* people. He misses the sound of traffic, cars whooshing past him, honking so loudly it hurts the by-passers' ears. He misses so many sounds and he lets Sapnap know about that.

"I wish I could hear music," he says, gaze set on his feet. "Not like *music of the waves* or some shit like that."

Sapnap looks a little thrown off by the change in topic, but he quickly recovers.

"Yeah, yeah. Me too."

George allows his eyes to close as he feels a headache coming his way. "I miss really loud music. Like heavy metal or something. I don't even listen to heavy metal."

Next to him Sapnap chuckles. "Yeah? What *do* you listen to then?"

It takes a minute to remember what George listened to before the island. But then the familiar tunes start ringing in his head.

"I'm not that picky. I like listening to any music that just has a good vibe, y'know. The kind of music that just- it makes you forget about everything else that's happening." George smiles sadly, brushing his fingertips on the soft sand next to him. "My dad always listened to, like, really basic popular music, like Queen and the Beatles and Bowie. Or that was until he realized half of them were gay."

George lifts his head, chuckling flatly to see Sapnap frowning at him.

"Anyway," George tries to ignore what he said. "I still listen to a lot of those bands and artists. Maybe to somehow unconsciously spite my dad or maybe because they remind me of him." He shakes his head. "I can't even tell anymore."

A hand settles down on George's hand that's resting on the sand. Sapnap is smiling at him now.

"That's rough, man," he says. "I'm sorry."

George shakes his head. "Not your fault." Then, shrugging his shoulders, "I haven't talked to him in like, *years* , so it's cool."

"It's not cool, though," Sapnap responds and he's looking at George with a soft expression painted on his face, but also something angry. "It's *never* cool."

"Yeah, you're right," George assures. He closes his eyes. "Is it okay if we don't talk about that

right now, though?”

Sapnap nods. “Of course. What do you wanna talk about?”

As long as George can remember, he has been talented in the art of making conversation. It’s not that he enjoys it very much or that he is particularly comfortable with it. He can just come up with good topics to discuss and knows when to not say something. It’s like a sixth sense.

But right now, George feels empty. Like he’s been stripped off this ability the same way he has been stripped off everything since he came to this island.

“I-uhm,” George begins but doesn’t know how to go on.

Luckily for him, Sapnap sees his struggles and pitches in. “I can tell you what I like to listen to if you want?”

George smiles and nods, and Sapnap goes on to explain his love for artists George has never heard of. As Sapnap starts singing his favorite songs, George can’t help but be amused by his efforts.

“Hey, cut it out,” he says when George bursts into laughter, but he’s smiling wide as he says it. “Not everyone can sing like a fucking angel.”

“Are you talking about my singing?” George asks through a fit of chuckles.

Sapnap makes a shocked expression. “What? *No!* I’m talking about actual singers. Get your smug ass out of here.”

It just makes George laugh harder and the previous pain that was in his body is relieving. He is forced to admit that laughter really *is* a good medicine for anything.

When George eventually goes back to camp to find Dream fishing on the shore, the dirty blond doesn’t say a word about their night together. George has to swallow back tears and excuse himself to go to the forest.

The topic of Dream and George doesn’t come up for days between him and Sapnap as the three spend their time trying to not go mad on the island. That involves lots of conversations on any topics they can think of - anything from foods they are craving to the dearest childhood memories.

George adores listening to Sapnap’s stories about his vast number of relatives and Dream explaining everything about his childhood home back in Florida, but telling stories about his own family? Not his thing. George still regrets telling the things he told Sapnap on the beach, wishing he could just erase it from both his and Sapnap’s memory.

“So, what’s your family like?” Dream asks one day, bringing all George’s fears to life with four words. “No, let me guess. They are, like, *really* British, uhm, making you beans on toast every morning and making you watch Harry Potter every minute.”

George doesn’t say anything and Dream goes on.

“Oh! And they drink tea *all* the time.” He grins. “I’m right, aren’t I?”

It’s the night and the three are sitting around a crackling bonfire, orange light making their faces

look like they walked out of paintings. It's a vibe, but now it's ruined. George feels his heart starting to beat painfully quickly in his chest and his hands sweating furiously.

"Uh... yeah," George lies, gazing intently at his hands.

But of course Dream pushes, oblivious to the impact of his actions. "What part?"

George blinks, not daring to raise his gaze. "What?"

Dream chuckles at George's confusion. "What part did I get right?"

The island feels the worst in situations like this when George can't escape. George likes escaping. He's grown to be pretty damn good at it by now and now he can't even apply his gift in practice.

"Um..." George tries to calm his raging pulse as he feels Sapnap shifting somewhere next to him. He coughs, gaining Dream and George's attention.

"I think it's time to go to bed. I know *I'm* tired," Sapnap says, glancing over at George who gives him a look that he hopes radiates *thank you*. "We can't let Gogs get too sleepy, can we?" he adds teasingly, making George roll his eyes.

"Yeah, you're right," Dream says and breaks into a giant yawn. "Good night, guys."

"Good night, Dream," George mutters, following with his eyes as the dirty blond walks over to his tent. "Don't let the bedbugs bite."

Dream looks back behind him and grins at George. "I won't."

And why does that make George's stomach spin? Every stupid, little thing Dream does is somehow magical to George and he *needs* to get over it.

"You good, George?" Sapnap asks quietly when Dream has disappeared into his tent.

George nods. "Yeah, thanks for that Sap."

"No prob," Sapnap answers. "If you ever want to talk or anything, I'm here, okay?"

George nods again. "Thanks. Good night Sap."

He doesn't sleep that night, dreaming about the way Dream's hands had only days ago been touching his hair, his face, *him*. It makes his entire body feel like it's been dunk into magma and he can't get rid of the sizzling heat.

Too many nights like this follow: George sweating under his shelter, trying to contain his leaping thoughts and arousal. And now there's the fear of getting caught because Dream knows he doesn't sleep much. George can spend entire nights fearing Dream will come check up on him. He doesn't know what he would do then - could he keep everything inside him, not let his burning feelings and desires overflow, revealing just how pathetic he is to Dream? It seems unlikely.

Luckily George doesn't have to go through that. Dream doesn't check up on him. He doesn't ask about his sleep. He doesn't mention the night they spent curled into each other. At some point George begins to doubt if it ever even happened - if he just imagined it all in a desperate attempt to get *something* .

The sound of the gushing waterfall buzzes in George's ears as he drops his hands into the pool of water, bringing the clear matter to his lips and drinking some, sighing in contentment as the water pours down his throat. He brushes the excess water from the corners of his mouth with his forearm and takes a seat on one of the stones next to the waterfall.

It's another hot day because when is it not? George has been sweating furiously for so long he has forgotten what dry skin feels like. There's the faint gush of wind coming from the sea but it does barely anything to contain the heat.

George cranes his neck to look at his company: Sapnap is sitting against a tree trunk with a profoundly uninterested look on his face as he throws a pine cone from one hand to the other, repeating the motion time after time again. It's surprisingly hypnotic and George can't tear his eyes away from it.

As Sapnap notices George looking at him, he shoots him a playful grin. "Wanna try?"

George nods and Sapnap throws the pine cone to him. It's not hard, obviously, to toss the small object around, but it's something.

"Why even are there pine cones here?" George asks as he throws the pine cone higher and catches it with ease. "I mean, there are no pine trees."

Sapnap shrugs. "I guess it's been washed up with the waves."

That makes George grin and he can't stop himself from saying, "So, kinda like you?"

"Ha-ha," Sapnap says unamusedly. "If you're gonna be a bitch about it, just throw it back."

George shakes his head, bringing the pine cone to his chest. "No, it's mine now."

Across from him, Sapnap huffs and crosses his hands in front of him, muttering something under his breath.

"What's that?" George grins.

Sapnap shrugs. "Just said that I wish Dream was here rather than you." He can't stop himself from smiling though when he says it. "He wouldn't be such an asshole."

George hasn't seen much of Dream today, having assumed he's gone fishing or something else that George finds thoroughly uninteresting. And quite frankly, George doesn't care. Okay, maybe he cares *a little bit*, but it's better not to see him. Better for his aching heart and his wandering mind.

"If you wanna go see him, be my guest," George mutters. "I'm staying here."

Sapnap laughs. "I wasn't being serious."

"I know."

They stay silent for a while, George not stopping his tossing of the pine cone. It's increasingly more satisfying as he catches it from higher and higher. George almost laughs out loud at how much fun he's having with a fucking pine cone of all things.

Then, Sapnap shifts across from him, taking a cross legged seat as he opens his mouth to speak.



“So, are we ever gonna talk about you and Dream?”

The pine cone falls to the ground as George’s hand freezes in its position.

“I just can’t help but notice the weird vibe you guys have?”

George attempts to gather himself, grabbing the pine cone from where it dropped and continuing the tossing and catching.

“There’s nothing to talk about,” he says, eyes fixed on the brown object. “As I said before, we’re just friends.” The words sound bitter as they fall one by one from his lips.

Sapnap hums. “Right.” He sounds like he has definitely caught George’s bullshit. Or no. It’s not *bullshit*. It’s the truth, no matter how much George wishes it wasn’t.

“I mean, it’s not like Dream would ever want anything else,” George continues, hoping he isn’t too transparent in his words.

Apparently he is.

“And what about you, George? Do *you* want something else?” Sapnap asks.

George stays silent, throwing the pine cone from one hand to the other.

“George?”

And it’s like all the pressure, all the feelings - the pain, the aching - and the nights he’s spent just thinking about Dream all burst through a dam. A dam he has built to protect himself from them.

“Yes! Okay? God, of course I fucking *want something else*. ”

The pine cone gets left disregarded, landing on the ground next to George as the brunet goes on.

“I literally want nothing else. I want Dream more than I want to leave this bloody island. I want him more than I’ve ever wanted anything else in my whole, entire, pathetic life!” George is screaming by now, words leaving without asking permission. “But I can’t want him, can I?”

George’s heart is beating faster than he has ever felt it beat before and he’s panting. As he meets Sapnap’s eyes, he sees an expression of mild surprise that angers him even more. He doesn’t know if it’s the lack of reaction or the actual reaction that makes his blood boil.

“What?” George snaps.

Sapnap stays silent for a beat.

“Nothing, it’s just that- I wasn’t expecting *that*. I mean, I knew you guys must have something, but that’s next level.”

George scoffs. “Just ignore it. Forget I said anything.”

But Sapnap shakes his head furiously. “No, shit, sorry. I didn’t mean to sound inconsiderate or anything. Just, I don’t know, I’m glad you told me. Aren’t you glad to finally say someone? That must’ve been hard to bottle up.”

George stops to consider Sapnap’s words. As terrified as he is about someone knowing, it does feel good. He can feel the tightness from before easing in his body like someone has let go of holding a

belt too tightly around George's lungs, not giving room to breathe until now.

"Yeah," he mutters. "Yeah, it feels good."

Sapnap smiles. "So why haven't you told Dream?"

*As if it isn't obvious*, George wants to say, but settles for something else.

"Because he doesn't feel the same way. We're just friends." He looks down at his hands. "And I'm pretty sure he's straight."

Sapnap huffs and George lifts his gaze to look back up at him. "That's bullshit."

George blinks. "What?"

"You're pretty dumb, you know," Sapnap states, leaning back on his hands, and George is taken aback. "Lucky for you, you're pretty."

George is more than confused by now, eyebrows finding their way towards each other. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about-" Sapnap sighs. "-how Dream acts around you. He's like a fucking puppy or something, always looking at you through pink glasses with hearts in his eyes. It's pretty ridiculous if you ask me."

George considers this. "No, you've got it wrong. When we slept together that one night, he didn't even mention anything. If he had any feelings for me, the man would've said something."

But Sapnap looks unimpressed. "Oh? So if you had spent the night with your crush and he disappeared before you even woke up, you'd say something?"

*Ouch*.

George's brain is going at 100 miles per second and he is having difficulty keeping up.

"So you think-?"

Sapnap nods and he looks beyond frustrated with George's slowness. "He's into you, dude."

But something still has a grip on George. The fear of rejection that's always been present in him since the day- yeah, the pivotal day.

"I can't just go off of that though," George says, shaking his head with fingers clawing his scalp. "If he says no, I don't- I can't go through that. I'd rather go drown myself."

Sapnap looks at George like he's the dumbest person in the world and maybe George is, but he isn't about to drop everything, put all his eggs in one basket, just to end up getting rejected.

"Well..." Sapnap starts, a grin making its way on his face. "There's an easy way to find out."

"Find out what?"

Sapnap huffs. "If he likes you or not, idiot."

George's mind is blank. Confusion only deepening with every word that leaves Sapnap's lips.

“And what’s that?”

The grin on Sapnap’s face is growing wider and wider until he looks like a damn psychopath-clown. “That, my friend, is the fine art of jealousy.”

George scoffs. “Jealousy?”

“Yes, *jealousy*,” Sapnap repeats and he looks beyond proud of himself right now. “Doesn’t Dream seem like the jealous type to you?”

George shrugs. “I guess.”

“No guessing! He definitely is. You can just see the possessiveness when he looks at you.” When George looks doubtful, Sapnap adds with a chuckle, “Or anyone but *you* can see it.”

“So what are you suggesting, oh professor Sapnap?” George asks with a mocking edge to every word. He knew Sapnap was a bit odd, but this just shows a whole other level of weird.

Sapnap is rubbing his hands together like the typical villain in kids’ movies. “Well, I’m glad you asked, George.” His grin is out-right crazy by now, scaring George just a little. “We’ll just have to make him jealous and he’s sure to spill all his feelings for you.”

“Uh-huh,” George says, unimpressed. “And how do you suppose we make him jealous?” He’s even not bothering to hide his doubts.

“With me, of course!” Sapnap states. “We’ll just act like there’s something going on between us and Dream will surely get so jealous he can’t take it. His little Georgie messing around with someone else. And not just someone else, the great alfa-Sapnap!”

George bursts into laughter at the final note. “That plan has *so* many holes, *alfa-Sapnap* .”

“I think it’s pretty fool-proof,” Sapnap answers matter of factly, arms crossing in front of his chest as he defends his idea. “And what are you gonna lose if it doesn’t work? Nothing.”

Huffing, George says, “I’ll lose all my dignity and positive self-image.”

Sapnap grins. “So not a lot?”

George shakes his head, laughing a little. “Yeah, not a lot.”

“So are you in?” Sapnap asks and gets up to walk to George. He extends a hand to him.

George stares alternately at the hand and at Sapnap’s face. Finally, he sighs and says “Yeah, what the hell? I’m in” and shakes the hand.

It turns out, Sapnap didn’t have much of a plan despite all his big talk. They spend the next day trying to come up with ideas to make Dream jealous. George knows in his heart that he should feel guilty and icky about all this, but he’s spent so much time feeling guilty and just shit about himself and his feelings that this doesn’t impact him that much. Maybe it’s a little worrisome, but George can’t bother to give a shit.

As soon as the two are alone, Dream gone fishing or someplace else (George couldn’t really focus on what the man was saying because the sun was shining just the correct way on his hazel freckles), they start thinking of things to do.

“Okay, we should probably start with boundaries and stuff,” Sapnap suggests as he takes a seat opposite George on the sand, heels digging into the warm softness.

George crooks an eyebrow. “How far were you thinking of taking this?”

“However far you want, baby,” Sapnap smirks but bursts into laughter as he finishes the sentence. “No, maybe not *that* far. I just have to know what you’re comfortable with? Like are you fine with touching?”

George blushes. “Uh... yeah, unless it’s like, my private parts.”

Sapnap bursts into laughter again. “I didn’t mean that! Jesus, George.”

“You’re the one asking to touch me!” George blurts out, blush getting deeper as he covers his face with his palms.

“C’mon, George,” Sapnap says. “We can’t do this if you get embarrassed over minor things.”

George shakes his head. “I know, I know. This is just pretty damn weird.”

Across from him, Sapnap shrugs. “I’ve done weirder things.”

“Sapnap!”

Snickering, Sapnap pulls both George’s hands from his face. “So, you’re okay with me touching your hands and face?”

George sighs. “Yeah, that’s fine.”

A particularly strong wave courses to the shore and hits George’s toes. It sends shivers running up and down the length of his spine.

“And you’re okay with me making suggestive comments?” Sapnap asks, voice far more serious than it was previously.

George’s eyebrows knit together. “What do you mean by *suggestive comments*?”

“Um... like-” Sapnap looks up at the blue sky with a thoughtful expression on his face. “It’s hard to come up with some right now, it’s more of a *in the moment* -kinda thing, but I guess comments like ‘I bet those lips would look good someplace else’.”

It’s George’s turn to burst into chuckles once more. “What the fuck was that comment?”

“I don’t know,” Sapnap says, looking more embarrassed, a blush dusting his cheekbones. “That was the first thing that came to mind.”

“You have a really fucking dirty mind,” George states, wiping tears from the corners of his eyes.

Sapnap doesn’t look too bothered by this. “And like you haven’t thought of dirty stuff with your Dreamie-boy?”

The question definitely shuts George up. He turns scarlet from head to toe, stammering to find an answer, but coming up with nothing as the memories from many nights spent thinking about all the ways he wanted to touch Dream and wanted to *be touched* by him flicked through his mind.

“Yeah, thought so,” Sapnap says and laughs, leaning back on his arms, fingers getting buried under

the ever-soft sand.

Then, when George only looks at the other with embarrassment still burning in his throat, Sapnap asks, “So you’re okay with me saying stuff like that?”

Hesitantly, George nods.

“Okay, that’s good,” Sapnap says like he’s talking about planning a birthday party instead of planning how to make their mutual friend jealous through dirty, suggestive comments.

The absurdness of it all makes George’s head spin and he closes his eyes to stop himself from growing too dizzy. He focuses on the constant sound of waves that he hates to his bloody core, almost shivering from just how much he despises it.

“You still good with all this?” Sapnap asks, unable to hide the concern that drips into his words. “It’s fine if you’re not.”

George shakes his head, eyes still tightly screwed shut. “I can’t do it anymore.”

“Do what?”

George’s heart starts beating quicker inside his ribcage. “Just- not really knowing how Dream feels and because of that just not being able to move on. It’s fucking pain.”

George doesn’t have to open his eyes to know the empathetic expression on the other man’s face and the nodding of his head.

“Yeah, sounds like shit,” Sapnap mutters. “But Dream *is* into you. This will only prove that.”

Now, George opens his eyes. “But what if he isn’t?” He can’t keep the sadness and worry from clinging to the question.

“Then-” Sapnap looks at the blue sea where the rays of sunlight dance on the waves, making them look like they’re made of crystals. “-you’ll be sad.”

George huffs at the comment, but Sapnap isn’t finished.

“You’ll be sad *at first* . But like every other feeling, the sadness will pass too.”

A small smile makes its way on George’s face. “ *This too shall pass* .”

Sapnap grins. “Abraham Lincoln, right?”

George nods, lips curving to a coy smile. “And Edward Fitzgerald before that. And a Persian adage before that.”

“Okay, smart-ass, I see you,” Sapnap responds and chuckles. “No need to flex.”

“Just stating the obvious,” George says in mock-smugness that’s only half-mocking.

Sapnap kicks some water to George’s direction, cold beads landing on the brunet’s bare feet. “You’re such an asshole. No wonder if Dream rejects you.”

“Hey!” George snaps with wide eyes.

“Kidding!” Sapnap says and rolls his eyes, but George can still hear him mutter under his breath,

“Not really though.”

George doesn't even bother to say anything anymore. He falls on his back and lets the sun warm his skin, wondering what the fuck he is getting himself into.

It turns out to be a little harder than the two thought to execute their plan.

Firstly, George had completely forgotten the painful truth of how he had told Dream that he has a boyfriend. When George tells Sapnap that, ashamed beyond anything, the damn brunet bursts into a fit of laughter.

“You're literally the dumbest person I know!” Sapnap states when the laughing finally fades away and turns into a lingering grin. “I mean, why would you do that?”

George shakes his head, burying his face behind his hands. “I don't know! It just came out.”

“How does something like that *just come out*?” Sapnap asks, eyes wide with a mixture of confusion and amusement.

“I said I don't know! I guess I- I just subconsciously wanted him to think I'm cooler than I really am or something.”

Sapnap chuckles, hitting his fist on the sand. “So, you thought it would be smart to say you're already dating *to the man* you want to date?”

“I don't fucking know. Give it a rest, please,” George begs.

“So, would you consider telling him you *aren't* actually dating anyone?” Sapnap asks, amusement still clear in his tone.

George furiously shakes his head. “He'll see right through me then!”

“Okay, okay,” Sapnap mutters. “I still think he'll tell you his feelings after we're done with the plan. I mean, there's no way he'll just watch from the side as his *Georgie* starts getting intimate with me.”

George cringes. “We're not getting *intimate*, Sapnap.”

“You know what I mean,” Sapnap says and chuckles at George's shocked expression.

The second thing they hadn't considered was how much time Dream spends fishing. It's like the man is some kind of a professional fisherman, spending hours upon hours trying to catch fish for them to eat. Sapnap only joins in sometimes, but never George. It would be extremely suspicious for George to suddenly join in and Dream would be on his guard. And they can't have that, can they?

And lastly, they forgot to think about how much time Dream spends sleeping. It's quite ridiculous actually and maybe a little impressive how much time Dream manages to sleep.

“You know, there's a thing called *too much* sleeping?” George says to the dirty blond one day as he is once again going to rest in his tent - in *broad daylight* .

Dream just shoots him a grin, flashing his ivory teeth, and says, “You’re always free to join.”

George goes red from head to toe and just scoffs because words are too difficult to grasp in his state.

“Didn’t think so,” Dream mutters through a sigh and retreats to his tent, leaving George hot and bothered on the seething sand.

Sapnap, who’s sitting not too far from the other, bursts into laughter at George’s awkwardness and how he’s so easily flustered.

“Fuck you,” George says, speaking softly so as to not gain any unwanted attention from the tent some feet away. “We’ve got to do something, like, *soon*.”

Sapnap smiles and nods. “All in good time, Georgie.”

And it’s sooner rather than later that something actually happens on their end.

The three are sitting around the bonfire, night having already fallen long ago, the only light illuminating them being the flickering flames and the glow of the copper moon. They have just eaten some fish and whatever green plant Sapnap was able to find from the forest, only describing it as ‘almost certainly edible’.

George can feel the familiar after-dinner tiredness making his eyelids droop over his eyes and uncontrollable yawns stretching the corners of his mouth. He lets his head drop towards his bent knees, a strain aching the back of his neck as he does this.

Then, a warm hand settles on his knee.

George quickly perks his head up only to meet Sapnap sitting closely next to him (when did he get so close?), a smile on his lips as he brushes a thumb across George’s knee. It doesn’t take long for George to recognize what’s going on and he does his best to go along with it: meeting Sapnap’s smile and placing his hand on the back of the other’s palm.

Dream has been explaining something about trying to catch more crab and George hesitantly turns to glance at him. Apparently he hasn’t noticed anything going on yet, the dirty blond’s gaze set on the drowsy fire.

“Anyways, I was thinking of making like traps or something,” Dream says. “I remember seeing some and I think my granddad made those back in Florida when I was really young, but I definitely can’t remember how.”

A thrilling feeling wraps around George as he waits for Dream’s reaction, the hand unwavering on his knee. It’s not the same sensation that Dream creates with his touches, but it’s a reminder of the power George *possibly* holds over the dirty blond.

“But I guess I can try and figure it out from, like, movies. George, do you-”

Dream’s eyes have landed on Sapnap and George, confusion clearly making its way to his features. George can practically hear the gears going off in Dream’s head as he tries to figure out what’s going on. When Dream doesn’t say anything, George decides to speak up.

“Do I what?” he asks, trying and succeeding in sounding nonchalant and completely oblivious.

George can see the struggle Dream is having as he tears his eyes away from Sapnap’s hand on George’s knee.

“Huh?” he asks, a crease still present on his forehead.

George chuckles. “You were asking me something...?”

It’s electrifying to see Dream so confused and out of it all because of George. Because maybe, just maybe, it means what he so desperately craves it to mean. Maybe, just maybe, Dream actually has some feelings for George and this is the way to bring them out.

“Sorry,” Dream says and he’s shaking his head, dirty blond curls swinging from side to side. “Totally forgot.”

George turns to face Sapnap for a moment, feeling Dream’s gaze burning holes in him as he does this. The look on Sapnap’s face is that of pure adoration and it makes George swallow, *harshly*. He reminds himself to make sure Sapnap is cool with this. It hasn’t even crossed his mind that Sapnap, who has had feelings for him, might be bothered by this. And now that he thinks about it, he feels really stupid that he didn’t consider it. But for now, George lets it be and leans in towards Sapnap.

He can basically feel the confusion and something else radiating from the dirty blond opposite them as he leans in to Sapnap’s ear, whispering, “*I think it’s working.*”

Sapnap laughs a little and it’s a low laugh, something flammable, and he turns to whisper something in George’s ear as well. “*Oh, it’s definitely working.*”

Dream coughs, regaining the two’s attention.

“Anyway,” the tallest of the three says. “Do you guys have any idea how to make traps for crabs?” His voice is strained and he looks like he’s forcing the smile on his lips, making it look shallow and weird.

“Uhm.” George turns to look back at Sapnap who’s practically beaming at him. “Not really, no.”

Sapnap shakes his head, not breaking eye contact at any point. “Me neither.”

Dream coughs again. “That’s- uhm, really helpful,” he says, chuckling a little but that too comes out artificial.

George loves every minute of this even if a voice in the back of his head is repeating *not gonna happen*.

Eventually Dream retreats to his tent with the obvious excuse of being tired even though he just took a nap before eating.

Once the dirty blond is out of sight, Sapnap gives the knee he is holding a smack and lets the hand flop back into his own lap.

“Did you see the look on Dream’s face?” Sapnap asks and his excitement is bubbling through him as he laughs.



George chuckles softly but can't help but be bothered by something. "And did you see the look on *your* face?"

Sapnap looks confused, the smile lingering on his lips as his eyebrows knit together. "Uhh...?"

Nervousness makes George's hands sweat as he peers into Sapnap's eyes. "I know we talked about my boundaries and stuff, but are *you* okay with all this?"

Sapnap blinks. "Of course I am, what are you talking about?"

"I just- if I had to do this for you and *you* had a thing for Dream, I'd be feeling pretty shitty."

Realization hits Sapnap before George's eyes and he slowly nods. "Yeah, I'm not gonna lie to you, it kinda stings, seeing you and him like that, but George-" He places a hand on his own chest. "- I mean this with all my heart, you aren't my whole universe."

George smacks the hand on Sapnap's chest and grins. "When did I ever say that?"

Sapnap laughs. "I just mean that my thing for you was a small crush. Seriously. I liked the idea of getting stranded on an island and, I don't know, finding love or something." He smiles reassuringly at George before continuing. "But that was all it was and I know what you have for Dream is a lot bigger than that. I can see it in the way you look at him when you think no one is watching. And I could feel bitter and be an asshole about it, but I won't."

George nods. "Okay. I- I appreciate that. I really do. But I hope you know that it's more than fine to say you're not okay with this at any point. I won't mind it."

"I know, George," Sapnap says and he's smiling widely. "I swear I'm okay with it. Anything for friends right?"

George smiles. "Right."

The loud sound of Sapnap abruptly slapping his hands together makes George flinch and he frowns at the man, but Sapnap is already talking. "Now, let's get you your man."

George blushes involuntarily and nods. "Let's."

## Chapter End Notes

Heyy!

It's way too late as I'm writing this, watching Jack's stream at the same time. I could've posted this chapter earlier but I didn't and now I have the next chapter already 99% done, so that's coming soon :)

Comments and kudos are greatly appreciated.

For updates on my works/if you wanna be friends:

Twitter: @ringedseal2

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# Finally

## Chapter Notes

tw: mention of blood (really brief)

I've added some more tags, make sure to check them.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I know, George,” Sapnap says and he’s smiling widely. “Now, let’s get you your man.”

George blushes involuntarily and nods. “Let’s.”

It’s a cloudy day *for once* and the three men are taking advantage of it every way they can. Normally, the heat and the sizzling sun burning their skin would force them to either spend the day hiding in the shade of the rainforest or bathing in the cool, salty water of the sea, but now they can spend the day on the shore, improving their shelters’ structures and talking with each other the whole way through.

Now that George’s brain isn’t too clouded because of the heat, he can focus on the dirty blond. And *god* does he focus on him. He lets his eyes wander on all the exposed skin of his chest and abdomen where his ribs are showing a tiny bit because of the plain food they’ve been all eating.

Not even bothering to be subtle about it, he traces his eyes along all the hazel freckles on the tanned skin like he is mapping out a plan. And maybe he is because if his and Sapnap’s plan works, he definitely wants to do closer research to the starry sky that is Dream’s skin.

And apparently he has been obvious about this, obviously checking Dream out, as Sapnap nudges his shoulder and mutters, “*Remember the plan.*” George swallows and nods.

Oh, the infamous *plan*. Sapnap and George spent the previous night going through it, looking for errors or things to consider changing until they now have what they proudly (at least in Sapnap’s case) call the perfect plan.

George has tried to blame the enthusiasm behind their planning and focus on small details to the lack of things they can do on this island. Internally, he knows it’s more than that. It’s his border-line obsession with the dirty blond that had to find its outlet on something.

The plan is simple, in a way. Only goal being to get Dream to open up about his possible feelings for George so that George wouldn’t have to do so himself. Call him cowardly, but he isn’t ready for the harsh sting of rejection.

Step 1) Act like George and Sapnap are definitely dating: lingering looks, small touches on the other’s shoulder, giggling, going off somewhere alone. All the good stuff George would much rather do with Dream, and would much rather do *authentically*. But this is what he has to do and he has accepted that.

Step 2) Go further and further to get a reaction. George isn’t 100 percent sure of just *how* far they are willing to go, but he’s ready to find out. If it means getting Dream, he’s ready to do a lot of

things. There are *a lot* of if's in their plan which is making George increasingly more worried.

Step 3) If Dream shows no response, abort the mission. Sapnap didn't want to include this particular step in their plan, assuring George the plan would work, but George has his doubts. He can already feel the way his heart is steeling to ready itself for the sucker punch. He's determined to not let Dream destroy him. He won't let him. No. Definitely not.

So now as George grabs a few sticks from their pile near the edge of the forest, he looks over at Dream. The tall man is working on the same traps he has been working on for the past two days, fixation not an uncommon word that comes to mind as George peers at his expression of deep focus and held-back frustration.

George allows his gaze to flow to the other man, Sapnap, who's currently braiding some dark palm leaves in experienced fashion.

Inhaling deeply, George strides to the latter man, a smile already forming on his lips from his plan in mind.

"Hey," he mutters, just loud enough for Dream to hear as well. "Whatcha doin'?"

Sapnap chuckles and lifts up the unfinished creation. "It's supposed to be a bowl for like water and stuff."

Taking a seat close to Sapnap on the sand, suspiciously close, George leans to grab it and says, "Yeah, I tried to make some at one point, but I couldn't." He traces his fingertips across the bumps of the braids, genuine awe present in his gaze. "You're so talented."

Sapnap is smiling brightly at him, leaning closer to his ear to say with a soft voice, "*He's looking.*"

The words cause involuntary shivers to run up and down the length of his spine as he nods, trying to contain himself from craning his neck to look over at the dirty blond.

"Here, I'll show you how to do it," Sapnap says louder this time, loud enough for Dream to hear them. He places his hands on George's and gently guides them to the loose strands of torn palm leaves. "So you put this over and-" The heat from Dream's gaze is making George's ears buzz and he tries his best to focus on what Sapnap is saying. "- and this one goes over this."

The bigger hands guide George through the progress and eventually George starts to get the hang of it.

"There you go," Sapnap smiles. "What a pro!" George sees Sapnap lift his gaze from the corner of his eye. "Isn't George a pro, Dream?"

The blush on George's face feels the same as the sunlight glowing on his skin. He holds his breath as he waits for Dream's response.

"Yeah," Dream says, his voice hoarse and a little disorientated. "He's definitely a pro."

George focuses on the braiding progress instead of the thrilling feeling in his stomach at the words or the feeling of utter bliss. He feels like he's inside a bubble for a while, like none of this is actually happening, but then a particularly sharp edge of a palm leaf cuts the skin under his thumb, bringing him back to reality. George hisses as the sharp pain sparks through his hand, gaining both the men's attention.

“Fuck,” George says as a scarlet bead appears on the surface, followed by another and a third.

Sapnap gently grabs the hurt hand, bringing it closer to his face. “Did you hurt yourself?”

George holds back from rolling his eyes and nods instead.

“No worries,” Sapnap says and George can feel Dream’s burning gaze on him as Sapnap lifts the finger to his face and takes George’s thumb in his mouth. It’s hard to hide the shock when George sees this, a strained gasp escaping his lips as he feels Sapnap’s tongue darting out to lick the blood.

He manages to just barely hide the disgusted cringe from his features and turns to look over at Dream for possible reaction, and *holy fuck*, did that cause a reaction in the freckled man.

Dream looks fuming, like there should be actual smoke coming from his ears. A scarlet color is painted on his previously tan face and his eyes are staring at Sapnap’s mouth and George’s finger in there. George drinks up the shock and anger like it’s his life source, his heart beating harder in his chest to desperately keep him alive when he already feels like he has died and entered heaven.

He barely notices Sapnap releasing his thumb from his mouth after planting a small kiss on it and whispering “*a kiss to make it better*”. Dream’s hands are gripping the fabric of his pants with ivory knuckles and George might faint because the fucking plan is working. He half-expects Dream to lunge at Sapnap and scream “*mine*” for the way he is looking at the two, but he just stays eerily still.

“George?” Sapnap’s voice echoes through the fog that’s taken over George’s mind. It sounds like it’s coming from underwater.

George hums, shaking his head a little to come back to Earth. “Yeah?”

“You okay?” Sapnap asks with a smile on his lips that George immediately returns.

“Yeah, you?”

Sapnap smirks and George knows it to be an act, but Dream doesn’t. “I’m more than okay.”

And apparently that does it for Dream as he stands up so quickly it’s a blur and stomps away from them and into the forest, muttering something under his breath that acutely resembles “*Fuck this*”

As soon as he’s gone, George turns back to look at Sapnap. “I should probably-”

“Yeah,” Sapnap answers, already knowing what he means. “You should.”

George nods and just stays still for a minute. It’s late-afternoon, the island already growing dimmer, shadows growing larger all around them.

“George?” Sapnap asks when George hasn’t made a move to go follow Dream.

“What if it’s not what I think, what *we* think?” George asks silently, his hands sweating from every other reason than the warm air. “What if we’re just *really* off?”

Sapnap stays silent for a beat, eyeing George’s face for hints, but when he apparently doesn’t find any, he sighs, “Then we’re off. And that’s that.”

George is about to say something, whine maybe, when Sapnap shuts him up with his voice.

“But you’ll never know if you don’t try, right? Because... what if you’re right? What if it’s exactly

what you think it is?"

George nods slowly. "But-"

"No but's. George, you need to listen to me right now." Sapnap's voice is stern and there's a crease on his forehead as he waits for George's affirmation. George nods and Sapnap goes on. "You are the only one who knows how *you* feel. That's all you know. And from what you have told me, you feel strongly about Dream. Am I right?"

"Of course you're right," George all but whispers.

Sapnap nods and places a hand on George's palm, giving it a squeeze. "Don't waste that. Life is too fucking short to think twice about these things. It just is. If you know you want this, you take it. You do all that's in your power to make it happen."

A gentle gust of wind throws George's hair on his face but he lets it be. "And if Dream doesn't feel the same way?"

Sapnap sighs. "Then, it's not in your power to make him feel that way. You'll get past it, no matter how painful it is. You'll be okay. I'm always here to help you. And George, you're stronger than you think you are. *So* much stronger."

George smiles and has to hold back tears.

"Now go get your man," Sapnap says with a grin, patting George's hand twice before releasing it.

George nods for what must be the hundredth time and gets up to his feet, giving Sapnap a final glance before walking to the forest, to *Dream*.

It takes a while for George to find the man he's looking for, mind and body so anxious it's hard for him to see ahead. He tracks to the gushing waterfall - no one. He walks to the flat stone he and Dream sat on that one fateful night - not a soul. There's no one on the left side of the island, no one sitting on the shore or leaning against a palm tree.

George is already starting to lose hope when he steps through the thick trees to find himself on the shore by the familiar Lover-trees. And there - slouched down on the sand, just inches away from meeting the blue water - sits Dream.

"Hey," George starts, walking to the man who flinches at the sound before relaxing again.

Dream doesn't exactly answer him in words, only letting out a small hum that almost gets drowned by the sound of the rushing waves.

"What's going on Dream?" George asks even though he likes to think he knows the answer.

Dream's shoulders tense for a second after having heard the question until they slump back down. "Nothing," he mutters and his voice is strained. It makes George wonder if they went too far, Dream's sadness never having been the goal here.

"Dream," George begins, speaking as softly as he can. "I think I know you well enough to know this is not *nothing*."

Dream stays silent, the only sound around them being the waves and the faint wind.

“You want me to go?” George finally asks and he can’t find it in himself to hide the pain that reaches his words. Tears are strangling his throat because there are so many things he wants to say but is too afraid to. There are so many *feelings* he wants to show but is too afraid to.

When no answer comes, George gets up to his feet from where he was sitting on the golden sand. He turns on his heels to leave but doesn’t get to take a step because Dream’s voice stops him in his tracks.

“Don’t you have a fucking boyfriend?” the dirty blond asks and he’s standing up now, towering over the other with his height.

George turns back around to face the man, a faint blush now evident on his features.

“No,” he says, craning his neck up to meet Dream’s eyes. There is burning anger in them and it makes George swallow harshly.

“But you-”

“I lied.” George’s heart is beating quickly against his ribcage like it’s looking for a way out, but George stands on his ground.

Dream looks utterly confused by his response, eyebrows knitting together and creating two creases on the skin of his forehead. They remind George of the marks waves leave on golden sand which in turn makes George think of all the words he has written on the shore.

“I don’t know why I said it,” George explains, memories from the exact moment coming back to him. “It just slipped out and I was too embarrassed to correct myself afterwards.”

Dream’s gaze drops until he’s staring at the ground, his mouth a thin line of pink. After what feels like forever, Dream lifts his gaze to peer into George’s eyes. There’s hurt brewing in the yellow and George knows he would do anything to get rid of it. But his next question catches George off guard.

“So are you and Sapnap a thing now?”

George considers his next step in his head for a while until he shrugs, acting nonchalant. “What if we are?” he asks and it’s a challenge. It’s an *opportunity*.

Dream grits his teeth, the muscles in his jaw twitching. “You could’ve told me.” He steps closer to George until the brunet can feel his hot breath fanning on the sensitive skin of his cheek. It’s gasoline to the flames burning in the pit of his stomach.

“Why?” He practically spits out, taking a venturesome step closer to the tall blond. “You haven’t looked like you care?”

Dream is now dangerously close. Probably close enough to hear George’s raging heartbeat. “I don’t care?” Dream scoffs, anger lacing every syllable until they are flaming red, scorching hot and still managing to draw goosebumps to George’s skin.

George’s voice comes as a whisper. “Do you then?” It’s a silent prayer and George is practically on his knees in front of the other with his fingers intertwined together.

They both stay still, waves singing their gentle lullaby in the background but all George can hear is the blood rushing in his ears. It sounds too loud to be healthy. George holds his breath and despite his best efforts, his eyes drop to Dream’s lips and the sight alone makes his knees weak because

the damn blond is licking his lower lip like a damn predator and George is his prey.

Taking a shuddering breath in, George goes on to repeat himself, "I asked, do you-

George's words are cut off as Dream's lips clash onto his with bruising intensity.

It's hungry, wet, and intoxicating. The surprised gasp George lets out gives Dream just the opportunity to stick his tongue deeper into George until the brunet is seeing stars.

George has pictured their kiss so many times by now - sleepless nights wandering the premises of the island, sinful glances at the other's lips when no one is looking, even his own damn dreams if he ever manages to get that far have been filled with his fantasies. That always made him afraid - afraid the kiss could never live up to his unrealistically high expectations but *oh*, this is so much better.

It's so much better when Dream's hands are on the sides of his face, gripping with almost-painful pressure that makes George whimper against the kiss. It's so much better when Dream has the fucking audacity to bite George's lower lip between his ivory sharp teeth just the way he already knows George loves. And it's so, *so* much better when the hands drop from George's face and fall down his collarbones, down his chest and settle on either side of his waist.

Everything Dream does makes George believe in heaven a little bit more and he can't make out if this is a dream or reality, but at this point he doesn't even care. How could he, when Dream's hands slide under George's shirt, roaming every square-inch of his skin like he wants to map out the entirety of George's body?

And then Dream's lips remove from George's, drawing an embarrassing whine from the brunet.

With his hands still under George's shirt, gripping the skin on George's ribs, Dream says, "George." He's breathing quickly, chest rising and falling at a fast pace. "Is this okay?"

George almost wants to hit the other for ever asking such a question, but decides to compromise and grips the back of Dream's neck, pulling him down to connect their lips once more. He feels Dream smile against the kiss and he can't help but grin himself.

The hands that were on George's waist are falling down and Dream has to crouch to grab the backs of George's things. It doesn't take more than that for George to understand where he's going with this, and with lips still connected, George jumps up and wraps his legs tightly around the taller's waist. His head is spinning because finally, *finally* this is happening - he is kissing the literal man of his dreams.

George has to break free from the kiss for a second to breathe and Dream uses the opportunity to start planting kisses on George's jaw, down to his neck and all the way to his collarbones. But it doesn't come without difficulty as George has to hold Dream tightly so he doesn't fall and in his current dazed state, it feels more than demanding.

So, with a small tap on Dream's shoulder, George says, "The trees."

Dream lifts his face from where it was buried in the crook of George's neck and hums in query.

It takes everything in George's power not to kiss the man in front of him whose lips are swollen from kisses and glistening with their joint spit.

"To the trees," he repeats, voice unmistakably slurry, pointing his head to the two thick tree trunks.

The realization shows on Dream's face as he grins and walks the short way to the trees and once he makes it there, George's back is pushed rather harshly on the rough trees, and Dream resumes planting wet kisses on every expanse of bare skin he can find.

George digs his fingers into Dream's dirty blond hair and it feels just as good as he has imagined if not better. When Dream's lips graze a certain spot on the crook between George's jaw and neck, a shiver shakes the brunet's entire body and he grips Dream's hair tighter.

And naturally Dream notices this, a grin creeping on his lips as he nips the sensitive skin. George's eyes screw shut and his inhaled breaths are small gasps that only manage to make him even more lightheaded. He thinks he's going to pass out from the intensity of everything, and he's more than happy about the supporting trees behind him. Somewhere in the back of his head, the realization hits him - *Lover-trees, how suitable.*

George is about to tell Dream that when a soft mouth connects with his, successfully shutting him up. Kissing Dream feels like being in the eye of the storm - George should now. It's like all the pain, destruction and danger of the world is far away from him and he's untouchable. Maybe - like the eye of the storm - this is a feeling of false-security, but George can't find it in himself to care. Not when Dream's hands are gripping his hips like he wants to claim them his. Not when Dream pushes his hips against George's, eliciting a lewd moan from both men.

It might be seconds, minutes or hours when Dream breaks apart from the kiss - panting heavily where his head rests on the crook of George's neck. George can't help but smile. How could he not when he's the happiest he's ever been? When he feels more right than he's ever felt before?

And now Dream is lifting his face up to look at George, a wide smile painted on his features as well and George wants to kiss that smile. The realization that he actually *can* kiss the smile is more thrilling than any experience he has felt before - and George has bungee jumped from 700 feet from a glass-bridge in China for crying out loud. So, George doesn't let Dream say a word and smashes their lips together once more.

Dream responds to the kiss by tightening his hold on the brunet's waist to the point where George has to slap his hands to ease the pain a little.

"Sorry," Dream immediately says and loosens the grip, but everything about his demeanor shows he's not sorry.

George grins. "It's okay." He's breathing heavily now, chest heaving at a startlingly quick speed.

"Maybe we should-?"

George nods and Dream gently lets him stand on the sand on his own two feet. But as soon as George's feet have to carry his weight, his knees buckle and he's about to fall.

"Whoa," Dream says and grabs George before he's on the ground. He grins and mutters, "Knocked you right off your feet, didn't I?"

With an eye roll, George shakes his head and simply says, "Just hold me, idiot."

And he does.

Dream snakes one of his hands under the backs of George's thighs and scoops him up with unrealistic ease. George feels like rolling his eyes again, even if he mildly enjoys being carried towards the water. Wait- *towards the water?*



“Dream!” George squirms in Dream’s grasp. “Don’t fucking drop me in the water!”

Dream laughs and George can feel it rumbling in his chest like a bee nest. “It’ll be *fine*,” he says.

“Dream,” George says sternly as Dream starts leaning towards the blue water that’s already knee-high, waves splashing water on Dream’s clothes. “If you drop me now, I’ll literally punch you.”

The threat isn’t good enough apparently and Dream’s laughter only makes his grasp on George falter, pulling a small squeak out of the brunet in question.

“*Please*,” he begs and Dream meets his eyes, reflected in the yellow is the scene of the sun starting to fall against the blue horizon of the sea. They just stare at each other for some time and George is certain he could spend the rest of his life looking into that man - the dirty blond strands of hair falling on his pretty freckle-adorned face as he looks at George like he’s the most beautiful view he has ever seen.

But then the same grin from before is back and it’s the last thing George sees before he’s dropped into the icy-cold seawater, left to curse the dirty blond under the water, only bubbles forming with his words until he is hoisted back up and now the words come out clear as day.

“- idiot, I can’t believe you fucking dropped me! It’s so bloody cold and you *know* that, but *oh, let’s see how pissed off little Georgie gets when he’s in the water!* I fucking hate your guts-” George points his index finger sharply onto Dream’s chest “- so much. Never should have trusted you, never should have-”

But once again, he is cut off by Dream’s lips on his.

He really should find a way to stop this or else he’ll never get through a full conversation with the man.

“I’m sorry,” Dream says as he backs away, hands having found their place on the sides of George’s face. They fit there like two pieces of a puzzle.

George blushes involuntarily. “It’s fine. Just please, don’t do that again.”

A bubbly laugh erupts from the other. “I won’t. Promise.”

Sitting back on the shore, Dream pulls George as close to him as possible and apparently the only way to do that is by placing George between his legs and pulling him flush to his chest. George hums and grabs the hands that have wrapped themselves around his waist.

“So no boyfriend, huh?” Dream breaks the mutual silence.

It’s good that George is faced the other way because embarrassment makes his face flush scarlet.

“No,” he says and even just that comes out as a whine, a short syllable for god’s sake.

Dream chuckles and George wants to feel him chuckle against him for the rest of his days.

“So, did you make all the stuff up that you told me?” he asks, craning his neck to look at George’s face. “All about Willow?”

Realization hits him and he shakes his head. “No, actually I didn’t.” As George feels Dream tensing behind him, he goes on to explain himself. “Not like that! No, uhm, he was my ex.”

Dream relaxes a little. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," George hums.

"How long did you guys go out? Was it serious?"

George lets his gaze paint over the scene ahead, the probably very beautiful sunset full of color.

"Yeah, it was pretty serious."

They stay silent for a beat. "So how long?"

George sighs. "Two weeks."

The words sound ridiculous as he says them and he expects Dream to laugh at his face- or at his *back* . But there's just silence, like Dream is figuring out how to play out the conversation ahead.

"That's not very long," he finally mutters and George feels shivers going down his back because Dream's lips are so close to the shell of George's ear, every word tickling the sensitive skin.

"No, no it's not," George responds. He thinks about what Willow is doing now - if he has thought of George. If he's angry at him for how he left him.

"Why didn't it last longer?" Dream asks.

The answer is clear in George's head - or no , not exactly *clear*, but he knows deep down the reason. He just can't put it into words.

"I- I left him," George says in lack of better words, better explanations, excuses.

Dream hums. "Why?"

When George doesn't say anything for a while, Dream seems to grow anxious and says, "You don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

"No, no," George answers. "It's fine. I just- it's really hard to say just *one* reason."

"Yeah, I get that," Dream answers and after a while, "Have you had any other relationships?"

George nods against Dream's chest. "Quite many actually," he says, but predicting the next question adds, "No longer than two weeks though."

The silence is nerve wracking and painful until Dream speaks again.

"Odds don't look too good for us." He says it in a playful manner with a lighthearted chuckle, but the genuine concern still leaks through the words.

George draws circles on the pale skin on the palm of Dream's hand, following the lines and marks that adorn the expanse, wondering what a palm reader would say. Would they say Dream is likely to start a long, meaningful relationship soon? Would they say he's destined to fail in the next conquest he initiates?

George has never been the believing type despite his family's rather religious values and upbringing. He doesn't believe in supernatural things like ghosts or spirits or unicorns or whatever the fuck people believe in these days. He doesn't even believe in good and bad - the line fading too easily in his opinion. But right now, in the midst of his uncertainty, he craves someone to say 'it's going to be alright'. He needs someone to tell him that and he needs to believe it.

“What about your relationships?” George eventually asks out of curiosity and necessity to escape the topic of his past flings. “You dated a lot?”

Dream sighs. “What’s a lot?”

George shrugs. “I don’t know. I guess there’s no number really.”

“Well,” Dream starts, pulling George closer to his chest. “I think I’ve had my fair share of partners.”

George hums. “Any long relationships?”

“Uhh... my last relationship with my ex-girlfriend lasted for two years.”

Something akin to jealousy sparks in George’s chest. And it’s not even jealousy for the girlfriend, it’s George’s jealousy for Dream’s capability to maintain a relationship for so long. He feels pitiful with his own two week relationships that despite their short-lived nature, always meant a lot to George.

“That’s really long,” the brunet says when he realizes he’s been silent for too long.

Dream nods and rests his chin on George’s shoulder, overgrown curls tickling the brunet’s cheek. “It wasn’t a good relationship though.”

“No?”

“No. We hurt each other a lot,” Dream says and he sounds like he’s re-living the memories. “I was at a shitty place with my whole self-esteem and I reflected it onto her. She got angry and reflected it back to me, and it was just a vicious circle of us hurting each other.”

George hates to think Dream has had to go through that. It makes his heart clench in his chest and he almost winces at the pain. “That sucks,” he says and it doesn’t feel like it’s enough.

“It’s okay and I’m kind of glad it happened y’know?” Dream says. “I never would’ve met you if I hadn’t been with her.”

George’s eyebrows furrow. “Why’s that?”

“She’s kind of the reason I traveled when I did,” Dream explains with a smile. “I was supposed to go to Australia later, but then we broke up and I thought *what the hell* and booked the ticket for earlier.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

George tries to wrap his head around what Dream just said. “Wait, so you’re *glad* you got that ticket and ended up in a plane crash and on a stranded island?”

Dream laughs at George’s words. “Yeah. It sounds really weird, but I *am* glad. Because otherwise I wouldn’t have met you, would I?”

A blush settles on George’s cheeks as he smiles to himself. Dream places a kiss on the crown of George’s head, and then to the side of his face and to the back of his neck. Each kiss creates sparks of pleasure in George’s body and he can’t think of a better place to be in.

“So, you’ve dated guys before?” George asks, a little breathless, when Dream is finished with his kisses.

Dream chuckles at the question. “Yeah, I’ve dated guys.”

It makes George want to bump his head into the ground. Why did he think Dream was straight?

“So, you’re bi?” George asks, because he can’t help his curiosity.

Dream stays silent for a beat. “Yeah, I mean, I guess... if you want to put a label on it.”

“No, I mean, of course you don’t have to,” George quickly responds, stumbling over his words one by one.

Dream apparently thinks it’s fond and laughs, nuzzling his face in George’s neck, his hair tickling the skin.

“It’s okay,” he says, lips ghosting over George’s ear. “I just don’t think that much about gender when it comes to love.”

George feels his heart beating faster in his chest at the word *love*. His heart feels like a hyperactive humming bird flapping its wings against his ribcage.

“Yeah, me neither,” George mutters. “Although it’s always been guys for me.”

George can feel Dream smile against the shell of his ear as he whispers in a low voice, “Lucky me.” He gently bites the sensitive skin of his ear, making George screw his eyes tightly shut and lean all his weight on Dream.

“Have I told you how pretty you are?” Dream whispers as he continues to alternately nibble the skin and place kisses to sooth the reddened spots.

George hums. “I don’t know.”

“Well you are,” Dream says in a low, husky voice that sends George’s brain to the clouds. “You’re the prettiest thing I’ve ever seen.”

George hums again in a *tell me more* - sort of way.

“Ever since the first moment I saw you, I’ve wanted you,” Dream continues, his wet kisses trailing up and down George’s neck. George tilts his head to the side to give the other more leverage which he immediately takes advantage of. “Wanted you more than anything.”

A voice between a gasp and a moan leaves George’s lips at the words. “*Please* .” He doesn’t even know what he’s asking. All he knows is that Dream is the only one who can give it to him.

“I’ll do anything you want, I’ll give you anything,” Dream whispers and his hands have moved from George’s waist under his shirt. Dream softly grazes the skin around George’s stomach, goosebumps forming wherever he touches. “You’re everything, George. You’re more than everything. What’s more than everything? I don’t even know. But you are that.”

George chuckles at Dream’s incoherent thoughts but the chuckle turns into a gasp when Dream’s big hands find George’s nipples.

“*Please*,” George says again because apparently his vocabulary has decreased to this one-syllable word.

It's like Dream can read George's mind even when the brunet in question can't do so. His fingers wrap around the buds and tease until George is a mewling mess.

"George?" Dream asks, letting his hands drop back on George's waist.

George lets out a small whine and tilts his head to the dirty blond. "What?"

"How far do you wanna go?" Dream asks and his lips are tickling George's ear when George wants him to bite it.

"All the way," George manages to say. "As far as possible, Dream. Want you."

Dream groans at the words and before George can grasp what's happening, he's lifted off from his seat and manhandled to lay down on his back. It doesn't take long for Dream to pin him down, laying down to lean on his forearms, practically caging George under him.

"Is this real?" George asks, unable to filter himself. The sight before him is like it's straight from his fantasies and a sudden fear has taken over him that this is just another dream, just another made-up scenario.

"Of course it is, baby," Dream says and leans down to place a kiss on George's lips. It's much slower than any of the previous ones - filled with admiration, care and maybe even love. When Dream pulls away from the kiss, George's eyes are lidded and he has trouble catching his breath.

"You're so gorgeous, what the hell?" Dream says with lust in his voice. "How are you even real?"

George doesn't bother to come up with an answer, pulling Dream down by his shoulders to kiss him again.

Heat, swirling want, lust, *all of the good stuff* are filling the space around Dream and George as they kiss like their life depends on it. And maybe it does because George would definitely have gone mad if he hadn't managed to kiss Dream.

One of Dream's hands has once again slithered under George's shirt, toying with his already-teased nipples until Dream releases the hold and starts pulling George's shirt over him. George helps him by extending his arms up and as soon as the shirt is off, Dream takes advantage of George's position by pinning both his wrists up over his head with one of his hands.

After flashing a grin at George, Dream starts placing kisses on George's bare upper body. He places open-mouthed kisses on George's collarbones, tracing the sleek line with his mouth like he's sketching a piece of art. The kisses lower to just above George's nipples and George is already squirming under him, Dream's hold on his wrists getting slightly tighter.

When he finally licks his tongue over the buds, George lets out a strangled moan, arching his back off the sand. Dream chuckles and presses the hand that isn't holding George's wrists on the brunet's hip, holding it steadily in place.

"Dream," George breathes as Dream starts pressing kisses on George's abdomen, just above the waistband of his pants.

Dream lifts his gaze upon hearing his name and George sees how dark his eyes have gone from arousal. "Yes, baby?" he asks and there's a teasing edge to his words, followed by a grin.

"You *know* what," George mutters breathlessly. He gasps as Dream grazes his free hand all the way down the side of George's upper body with blunt nails drawing lines the entire way.

Dream leans in to graze his teeth along George's ear and whispers, "Tell me."

The frustration and stubbornness is overpowered by blazing want, and George tries and fails to buck his hips up against Dream's strong hand still holding his hip. "Please, just, fuck me Dream."

As soon as George has said this, Dream removes his hand from where it was pinning George's wrists and starts pulling down his pants, George helping by lifting his hips off the ground.

When George is under Dream in just his underwear, Dream leans in to press his lips on George's. George wraps his feet around Dream's waist, pulling the taller closer towards him with heels digging in his back.

As Dream begins pressing kisses on George's neck, a sound comes from the edge of the forest some feet away from them. Dream doesn't seem to have noticed this as he continues the bruising kissing, but George attempts to lift his head up.

"Shit, sorry," a panicked voice comes from behind George and everything happens in lightning speed next - Dream scrambles off of George's body and George hastily pulls his pants back on, followed by his shirt, muttering curse words under his breath.

Sapnap, having seen that Dream and George chose to stop their actions, moves in closer until he is standing a few feet away from the two on the shore.

"What the fuck Sap?" George asks, buttoning his pants and his voice is abnormally high pitched. "Were you watching?"

Sapnap looks beyond disgusted at George's insinuation. "What?! No, of course not. I'm not a fucking freak."

George crosses his hands in front of his chest and as he does this, he notices the uncomfortable truth of his erection straining his pants. He instantly drops his hands from his chest to cover his lap.

"Then please explain why you are here?" George demands and glances over at Dream who is currently redder than George has ever seen him.

Sapnap raises his hands in defense. "I just came to check up on you cause you were taking so long. I was scared maybe..." He shakes his head. "Obviously I came at the wrong time. Please continue whatever you were doing, I'll go." He's already turning on his heels to leave for the forest.

"Wait!" George exclaims, stopping Sapnap in his tracks.

The look Dream gives him is filled with questions, *what the fuck are you doing George?* painted clearly on his features.

"We can come with you. Let's just go eat or something," George mutters, although every cell on his body is screaming to stay here with Dream, to be left here alone with him and be as close as humanly possible.

Dream stares at George for a while with disappointment in his eyes but eventually lifts up from his seat, muttering a small 'yeah'.

It's never been too awkward on the island with either Dream or Sapnap. Sure, they've had their

rough patches what with Dream and George's hate for one another and Sapnap and George's confusing chemistry. Either way, George hasn't felt too awkward around the people here. Not until now.

The way back to their camp feels like it takes forever. Maybe the correct word isn't awkward but rather tense. The tension is sparking in the air around the three and George feels the need to escape. He keeps glancing over at Dream who's walking a little way behind him. He looks confused, the all-too-familiar crease on his forehead evident again.

George is scared he's fucked up; that Dream somehow thinks he did something wrong for George to want to leave. But maybe that's just George and his anxious brain.

Just to be sure, George pulls Dream off to the side of the path by grabbing his wrist. He glances at Sapnap who is walking ahead and George doesn't want him to think they've left him so he has to be quick.

"Wha-?" Dream asks when George has effectively pulled him behind a palm tree, but George doesn't let him talk, rising to his tippy toes and grabbing Dream's neck to pull him to a kiss. It takes a split-second for Dream to return the kiss, tangling his hands in George's hair as he does.

With a slick sound, George draws back from the kiss and drops his hands from Dream's neck to grab both of Dream's hands. They fit perfectly together, only confirming George's theory of them being two matching pieces of a puzzle.

"Later, okay?" George says softly and brings one of their intertwined hands to his lips, pressing a chaste kiss on it and watching as Dream smiles at him in awe.

"You're too good for me," the dirty blond states, gently squeezing their hands.

George shakes his head and smiles fondly. "No I'm not, idiot."

Returning to the path, Dream shoots George a grin and mutters, "You are, but it's okay."

George doesn't get to argue this as Dream starts jogging to catch up to Sapnap, their hands still intertwined. The smile on George's face must look idiotic as he runs alongside Dream, the dirty blond's words still ringing softly in his head.

## Chapter End Notes

Heyy!

I've been writing almost non-stop but I haven't managed to finish all the remaining chapters. I'm going on a two-week roadtrip tomorrow and I can't bring my laptop, so next chapters are gonna come towards the end of the month.

Comments and kudos are so cool. Like, *really cool*.

*For updates on my works/if you wanna be friends:*

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# Stupid

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The smile on George's face must look idiotic as he runs alongside Dream, the dirty blond's words still ringing softly in his head.

When the three arrive back at camp, George begrudgingly lets go of Dream's hand to go gather some sticks for the bonfire. Shadows are starting to loom around the beach, painting the shore with darker shades of blue. The plush white clouds are still lazily drifting across the sky, blocking the blinding sun with their bodies.

As George takes a seat by the remnants of their last fire, he can feel the way Dream is looking at him. The feeling makes his heart beat quicker in his chest and his fingers to slightly shake as they grip the wood. He can still feel Dream's hands under his shirt and Dream's kisses along his abdomen. He *needs* privacy with Dream, but leaving Sapnap alone makes him feel horrible. So, he sits back on the sand, watching intently as Dream starts the fire with practiced perfection.

Sapnap has taken a seat next to George and he looks awkward, but who's to blame him? He literally walked in on George and Dream almost having sex. His *two good friends* almost fucking on the shore.

"So this is awkward," Sapnap says through a sigh, voicing everyone's thoughts.

George nods, hands wrapping around his knees. "Yup."

Dream hums as he gets up from his kneeling position by the fire, clearly pondering where to sit. George catches Dream's eyes draping over his body before the man shakes his head and takes a seat some feet away from the two.

"Should we talk about it...?" Sapnap suggests, gaze alternating between the two men.

George brings his knees closer to his chest, resting his chin on the legs. "I don't know."

"I don't know if there's much to talk about," Dream mutters, eyes set on the starting fire where flames are licking the dry leaves and sticks, popping sounds erupting every few seconds.

Sapnap shrugs. "Fine then." He waits for someone to say something, but as everyone stays quiet, continues, "Can we talk about something else then?"

George nods. "Please." Anything to get his mind off the idea of Dream's hands pinning him down on the sand.

The silence that follows is inevitable. They've talked about nearly everything on this island since it has been one of the few things they have been able to do. They've shared their interests, their favorite-everything, their family-traditions, the places they grew up in, their past and present friendships. Finding a new topic is a challenge, but somehow Sapnap manages to beat it.

"What's the dumbest thing you guys have ever done?"



George laughs and looks at the brunet. "Is that a remark on what just happened?"

With wide eyes, Sapnap furiously shakes his head. "No, no. It's just a question. Like in your entire lifetime, what's the stupidest thing you've ever done?"

George can instantly think of a hundred stupid things he has done; hundreds of ways he has embarrassed himself in front of his crushes and schoolmates, dumb things he has done to get people to laugh, really stupid arguments he has started because he wanted distance but couldn't voice his feelings. But none of them are severely dumb. No *one* thing popped up over all the others.

"I know what mine is," Sapnap says grinning, effectively putting an end to George's train of thought.

A smile on his face, George hums, "Yeah, what's that?"

"I got a tattoo when I was 17," the man answers and laughs, a faint red covering his face.

George perks his head up from where it was leaning against his knees. "No shit. Seriously?"

Dream is moving forwards as Sapnap nods. "It was so dumb. I was drunk, obviously, and somehow thought getting a tattoo could be cool. One of my friends knew a guy and then all of the sudden I had a needle on my skin."

Incredulously, Dream quirks an eyebrow. "I'm gonna need to see some proof."

George nods frantically. "Me too."

The fire is turning brighter next to them but none of the three seems to be focused on it.

"I got it removed," Sapnap mutters, embarrassment showing on his features as he doesn't make eye contact with either of the two. "You can't even really see it."

George grins. "But you can see some of it?"

A groan escapes Sapnap's lips. "I should have never brought this up."

"Yeah, maybe not," George laughs. "But now you have and you *need* to show us."

Sapnap looks like he's trying desperately to find an out of this situation, bottom lip between his teeth. But then he sighs and mutters, "Fine."

George whoops and follows closely as Sapnap turns around and lifts the hem of his t-shirt. There - on the crook of his lower back - is a small mark, clearly once having been a word but now only showing as a faint mark.

"What is that?" Dream asks and he's leaning in also. "What does it say?"

Sapnap's head drops as he mutters, barely audibly, "Mother."

The moment the two hear the word leave the brunet's lips, they burst into laughter. The sound tumbles off the palm trees, echoing through the forest.

"Why?" George only manages to say before having to grip his stomach as another fit of laughter erupts from his core.

Sapnap is scarlet red by now, shirt tucked back down. “I don’t know! I was drunk, okay?”

It’s taking everything in George’s power not to mock the man, but eventually Dream does it for him.

“You’re really *that* guy,” he says, shaking his head from side to side. “Never thought I’d be stuck on an island with someone who has a mummy-tattoo.”

“Fuck you,” Sapnap says, drawing his knees to his chest and covering his face with his hands.

George tuts. “Now, Sapnap, do you talk to your mother with that mouth?”

A huff leaves Sapnap’s lips as he tugs the strands of hair. “Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you.”

The tension and awkwardness from before are gone as Dream and George curl into themselves from laughter, the fire crackling in the background.

Eventually, after much begging from Sapnap, the conversation shifts to Dream’s stupid actions in his past.

“Dude, I’ve done so much dumb shit,” the dirty blond chuckles, one hand combing through his messy blond locks that look as curly as ever. “I was so dumb as a child.”

“We were *all* dumb,” Sapnap notes. “But what’s something really stupid you’ve done?”

Dream leans back on his hands, head tilted back as he tries to think of something.

“I once stole something,” he finally says. “Is that dumb enough?”

George’s eyes widen to the point where he thinks they are the size of saucers. “Seriously?”

“Yeah,” Dream nods.

“How old were you?” Sapnap asks, no teasing in his tone.

“Uhm... I think I was like 13.”

The crackling fire is painting Dream’s face in orange, dramatic shadows forming around his features. Somehow George can’t imagine the man before him doing anything criminal.

“It was so dumb,” Dream continues, closing his eyes. “Some of my friends had told me about stealing stuff from a grocery store near the school. They went on about how *thrilling* it was and I thought it was pretty weird.” He shakes his head. “But then I started thinking... and then I couldn’t *stop* thinking about it. So, one day after school, I walked in the store, scared as shit. I didn’t steal anything big, just some candy or something. Which-” Dream chuckles, tipping his head further back- “just makes it more stupid.”

When Dream doesn’t go on, George asks, “Did you get caught?”

Dream shakes his head. “No and I kinda wish I had gotten caught. I felt so bad for days; I couldn’t sleep, couldn’t eat because I felt so damn guilty.”

Silence wraps around them as no one comes up with anything to say.

"I'll start making the food," George mutters after a while, standing up from his seat. But as he's about to cross to the other side of the fire, Dream grabs his leg. George frowns, looking down at his ~~boyfriend~~ friend.

"What?"

Dream smiles coyly. "You didn't tell us your thing."

A blush spreads on George's features. "Yeah, I guess I didn't," he says and shakes Dream's hand off his leg, making his way to the side of the fire and ignoring Dream's confused expression.

George doesn't mention the topic of his past dumb acts for the rest of the day. No one else does either. George isn't exactly sure why. It's not like he's hiding a giant secret, but somehow the thought of telling something stupid he's done makes him feel sick. He gets panicked; his heart starts racing in his chest and his breathing grows shallow like he's just ran ten miles without stopping. So, he doesn't say anything.

Night comes as suddenly as every day. It doesn't ask for permission or announce itself for the three, it just comes. But somehow it makes George feel relieved, like he's been holding his breath for the entire day and can now release it. Night brings with it darkness and a chance to hide himself.

George is laying down on the sand, listening to the gushing of the waves that somehow doesn't annoy him as much as it previously did. Actually, many things have stopped irritating him since... since he and Dream got together. George stares at the starry sky above, stars glistening in silver and it really looks like the entire universe. The longer he looks, the more he sees. It's like he's being sucked into a gaping black hole.

Looking up at the sky, George wonders if he's in love. He wonders if he's ever been in love because how does one even know the feeling? Is the constant desire to be close to Dream a sign of love or is it just his touch-starved state? Are the butterflies in the pit of his stomach a clear indication that he loves the dumb blond? George sighs. He doesn't know.

"Why the long sigh?" Dream asks next to him. As George raises his gaze, he notices that Dream is looking at him with a smile on his lips.

George shrugs, turning back to look at the night sky. "I guess I'm tired." It's his signature answer to most questions concerning the way he acts. *You okay? - Yeah, I'm just tired.*

Dream doesn't question it because why would he? There's no reason to think it's anything other than tiredness. Is there even anything more to it? George doesn't have any answers.

"Well, I'm going to sleep," Sappan mutters, covering a yawn with his fist. "Night guys."

"G'night," George says, not taking his eyes off the sky.

Sometimes George wonders if the silence he's experienced on the island will make it hard for him to adapt to the "real world" when or if he ever makes it back there. Moments like this when all he can hear are the waves and the silent sound of Dream's breathing concern him. When he tries to hear loud voices in his head, it doesn't come without difficulty, which only makes him increasingly more worried.

"What are you thinking about, George?" Dream asks softly, rolling closer to George until their

shoulders meet.

George sighs, *again*. “I don’t know,” he squints his eyes. “Do you think there’s anything there?”

Dream chuckles. “Where?”

Pointing his index finger up at the sky, George says, “There.”

The dirty blond shifts to lay on his back next to George, looking up at the sky. “In space?”

George shrugs. “Yeah or- I don’t know. Just like- outside Earth?” He feels like he isn’t making any sense. Maybe he really *is* tired. No, he definitely is tired. He doesn’t sleep.

“I don’t know. I mean, of course there are planets and stuff, but is there life?” Dream sounds more awake than George. “I think there is. I think there’s got to be something else, y’know? It doesn’t make sense that life would be limited to just Earth, just *one planet*. ”

George nods and his eyes feel heavy so he allows them to close. “Sometimes I think my only purpose was to come to this island.”

Dream stays silent for a while. It feels long. “What do you mean?”

George rubs his face with his hands, trying to stir more awake. “I don’t know. I just feel like I haven’t had any purpose, but now that I’m here- I don’t know.”

A hand grips George’s shoulder. “George,” Dream says, urging George to look at him. George looks. “This is not your only purpose. You’re wrong if you think so. We’ll get out of this island and you’ll find your real purpose. It’s going to be something great because you’re great. More than great.”

George attempts to smile but it’s hard when he feels like crying. He’s really close to breaking down and he doesn’t even know why. It’s scary.

“I’m tired,” he says and swallows the tears. It hurts his throat a lot.

The hand that was gripping George’s shoulder moves to cup his cheek. “Sleep then.”

George leans into the hand. “Can you do the thing?”

“What thing?” Dream asks softly, thumb brushing circles on George’s skin.

“The thing with the hands and the petting,” George slurs, too tired to form proper sentences, but Dream seems to catch up as he curls up from the lying position to kneel behind George’s head. His hands find their way in George’s hair, nails tracing lines across the brunet’s scalp. A shiver runs through George’s body and he hums.

“This feel good?” Dream asks, brushing the hair from George’s forehead.

George nods. “Feels really good. ‘M about to sleep.”

Dream’s fingers lower to George’s temples, gently massaging there before starting to graze down the bridge of George’s nose all the way up to his forehead. “Go to sleep, baby. I’m right here.”

And George doesn’t even try to answer, sinking deeper and deeper towards the sweet feeling of ignorance sleep brings him.

A shuffling sound wakes George up, and as he blinks his eyes open, he notices it's coming from Sapnap who's slowly, carefully, walking towards the edge of the forest.

"Sap?" George asks with his gruff morning-voice, hoping he doesn't wake up the man curled beside him.

Sapnap turns on his heels and grins at George. "Sorry, I was going to get some water."

Nodding, George mutters, "'S fine."

But Sapnap doesn't move, smiling at George as he switches his weight from one foot to the other.

"What?" George asks through a yawn.

Sapnap shrugs. "Just- the plan worked, didn't it?" He's grinning like a little kid.

"Do you want recognition or something? A thank you?" George rolls his eyes but he's smiling as he says it.

"No," Sapnap answers curtly. "I'm just happy for you, that's all."

George smiles wider. "Well, *thanks*, I guess."

Sapnap chuckles. "You're an idiot," he says and then after a pause, "So are you gonna tell him?"

Confusion draws George's eyebrows together. "Tell him what?"

"About our plan," Sapnap says and George really wishes Dream wasn't sleeping right next to him as Sapnap said it.

"Uhm... yeah, I guess I have to," he answers, almost whispering the words.

Sapnap nods. "I guess you do."

They stare at each other for a while until Sapnap turns to leave and this time George doesn't stop him.

As soon as the brunet's silhouette has disappeared, George wraps himself closer to Dream. His warm body makes George sleepy again. George wonders when it was that Dream came to this position; curled around George as the big spoon. Not that it matters though. No, all that matters is Dream being here now, his every soft exhale tickling George's neck, big hands almost covering George's entire waist.

George shifts a little, trying to get his numb arm from under the side of his body, but apparently his movements have managed to wake the dirty blond, a low groan coming from his side.

"Sorry, did I wake you up?" George asks softly, trying to crane his neck to meet the other's face. As he does this, he notices that there's something else other than frustration or sleepiness covering his features. The concentrated expression surprises him and George chuckles, "Dream?"

A blush appears on Dream's face and he buries his face in the crook of George's neck.

"What's going o-?" George receives the answer to his question in the form of something poking the back of his thigh. "Is that-?"

As George pushes his body back towards Dream, a strangled moan comes from behind him.

“Sorry,” Dream mutters.

George can feel his body temperature rising and his heart beating quicker in his chest. “Don’t be,” he says, not knowing what else to say.

Something takes over George and he grinds his back towards the other, drawing another moan from the other as Dream grips the sides of George’s hips.

“Where’s Sap?” he asks, breathing heavily in George’s ear.

“Getting water.”

Dream sighs. “But we can’t...” He doesn’t have to finish the sentence for George to understand what he’s going to say.

George nods. “No, I guess we can’t.”

A frustrated groan leaves Dream’s lips as he starts untangling himself off George. “I’ll just go,” he says, but George stops him by gripping the hands that are still on his hips.

Before Dream gets the chance to say anything, George opens his mouth, “We can still do something.”

Dream stays silent for a moment and George panics, thinking he’s crossing a line somehow, but then Dream says, “What do you want?” He’s speaking right into George’s ear with a low voice that makes the hairs in the back of George’s neck rise.

George hums, not saying anything but rather answering through actions as he snakes one hand between his own thighs, searching for a moment before finding the bulge in Dream’s pants.

A groan makes its way to George’s ears as George grips the base of Dream’s cock, moving his hand slowly up and down, relishing the small gasps that leave the dirty blond’s lips.

“*George*,” Dream grabs George’s hips tighter.

George starts fumbling with the zipper on Dream’s pants and Dream removes one hand from George’s hip to help him. Eventually George manages to sink his hand under Dream’s pants and under his boxers, finding the pulsating cock.

“Shit, your hands are cold,” Dream mutters with a laugh.

George scoffs. “Shut up and let me do this.” To underline his words, George grips the base of Dream’s cock harsh enough for Dream to huff out a string of curse words in George’s ear. George snickers and eases the hold, starting to slowly stroke the length, listening intently to the groans Dream makes that vibrate hotly on his skin.

After a few minutes, George starts moving quicker, both to make Dream feel better and to avoid getting caught for the second time by Sapnap.

“Fuck, *fuck*,” Dream breathes heavily. “I’m gonna come”

George lets go of Dream’s length for a moment, turning to face Dream instead of having his back against the man’s front.

He is instantly welcomed with Dream's scarlet face, pupils blown out with lust and bottom lip clearly bitten raw.

"Hi," Dream says softly, wrapping his hand around George's waist.

"Hi." George leans in to place his lips on Dream's, kissing softly and then roughly, hand falling back to its place on Dream's cock, returning to his quick pace. He swallows all Dream's groans and curses against his lips, not getting enough of Dream's taste.

Soon enough, Dream's hips stutter, followed by warm strings of white covering George's hand and the front of his pants. Dream leans his head on George's shoulder, trying to catch his breath.

"Fuck," Dream whispers.

George grins. "We have to go wash off."

Nodding, Dream begins to tear off the hold. "Do you-?" Dream's red face and the way his gaze is glued on the brunet's crotch hint as to what the taller means and George chuckles at his stuttering.

"Maybe," he answers, although he can definitely feel the strain in his pants without a question. "But we can't do anything about it. Sap's gonna come any minute now."

Dream agrees even though George can see the mild disagreement in his eyes.

The water feels cold but refreshing as it grazes George's feet, small waves hitting the tops of his thighs making him inhale sharply.

"Fuck it's cold," Dream says, taking small steps towards George.

"Dream, you're not even at knee-length," George notes with a chuckle. "You're such a baby."

Dream brushes water towards George causing the brunet to yell out a string of curses.

"Why is your swearing so British?" Dream asks, laughing.

George rolls his eyes. "Maybe cause I'm- ugh, what's the word? *British*."

"You're such an idiot!" Dream exclaims and he's close enough to wrap his hands around George's waist which is exactly what he does. George squeaks as Dream lifts George off the water, his back coming flushed with Dream's broad chest.

"If you're even *considering* dropping me, I'm gonna drown you!" George yells and splashes the water with his legs, crystal beads catching brims of sunlight in the air before clinging to George's skin.

Dream laughs. "*Relax*, honey. I'm just teasing," he says and gently lets go of George so that he can stand on his own two feet.

George blushes at the pet name and starts walking away from Dream, cold water hitting his hips, his stomach, his chest and his collarbones until he takes off and starts swimming. He can hear Dream from behind him, trying to catch up to George.

When he eventually does catch up, his low voice comes from behind the brunet, "Turn around, Georgie."

As soon as George faces Dream, the damn blond splashes water on his face, grinning widely.

“I’m actually so done with you,” George mutters and takes a deep breath before diving under the surface. The water is clear and he can make out Dream’s silhouette in the turquoise. Suddenly, Dream is diving under water with him and he looks like a fucking mermaid-god - dirty blond curls floating in the water around his face, eyes bright like two suns. And of course, George can’t help but kiss the life out of him.

George doesn’t even notice when they come back up to the surface, mouths still together, drinking each other like they’ve never heard of water. Every contact their tongues make sends shivers running up and down the length of George’s spine and he’s mewling against the kiss.

Dream isn’t able to keep his lips off George as he speaks. “This-” *kiss* “probably-” *kiss* “isn’t-” *kiss* “smart.”

George smiles and pulls back for a second to speak. “Fuck smart.” When George connects their mouths, Dream is chuckling and nodding against him.

“Hey guys!”

George groans and looks towards the beach where Sapnap is waving at them. He mutters something under his breath, barely coherent to even himself.

“Hi Sap!” Dream yells, shaking his hand, splashing some water on George in the process.

George closes his eyes and dives under water in the hopes that it will drown down his frustration. It doesn’t.

When he resurfaces, George notices Dream some way over, paddling towards the shore.

“Dream,” George practically hisses.

Dream turns around and with a few strokes, makes his way back to George.

“What is it?” he asks, speaking softly though the waves are drowning their voices anyway, making it impossible for Sapnap to hear him.

George brushes one hand through his hair. “Come closer,” he says.

Dream grins and swims closer until George can feel his warm breath fanning the skin on his cheek.

“Closer,” George smiles.

And Dream swims so close their noses bump together and George can lean in to whisper in his ear,

“*I have a problem.*”

Something similar to concern glints in Dream’s eyes and George quickly continues.

“*I’m hard,*” he whispers, blushing from embarrassment.

Dream chuckles and George slaps his shoulder. “Hey! It’s a serious problem.”



Unable to hold back from grinning, Dream nods. "Yes, it definitely is."

"Fuck you," George huffs, swimming away from Dream, but the man follows him.

"In here? Wow, didn't know you had it in you, Georgie." Dream crooks an eyebrow in that annoyingly handsome way he always does.

George rolls his eyes. "You're not helping."

"Oh?" Dream smirks. "Am I making you more turned on? Is this doing it for you?"

George groans. "That's not what I meant!"

But Dream comes closer and closer to George until there are mere inches between them again. George wants to kiss the dumb grin from the blond's face.

"Can you please tell Sapnap to go away?" George asks, only half-joking. Or maybe 20 percent-joking. Or maybe less.

Dream leans in closer like he's going to kiss George but just as George is about to feel the sensation of soft lips against his, Dream speaks.

"You sure 'bout that?" He asks with his low voice that nearly makes George whimper.

"Mhm," George hums. "Please."

Squinting his eyes, Dream continues, "Sap's gonna get upset. Is that what you want?"

George tries to huff but it comes out pathetically desperate. "No."

"So-" Dream leans in to ghost his lips over George's mouth, the soft feeling enough to make George's eyes flutter. But then he pulls back, leaving behind a tingling feeling on the sensitive skin. "- I guess you gotta stick it out."

Dream turns around and starts tracking back to shore.

"I hate you!" George yells from behind him but Dream only raises one hand and gives him a thumbs up.

George has to linger in the water to get rid of his arousal, irritation bubbling in his veins as he swims circles in the cold sea.

Eventually George manages to return to the shore, clothes drenched wet but erection gone. He's breathless as he sits on the beach, leaning his face on his bent knees.

"Did you have enough of swimming?" Sapnap asks and he's grinning as he says it.

George blushes a little and turns to look at him.

"You looked pretty pissed off," Sapnap continues with a knowing look on his face.

"Dream," George turns to face the dirty blond who's clearly holding back from laughing. "Please tell me you didn't say anything to that idiot."

The sound of Dream's wheezing laughter deepens George's irritation and he has the sudden urge to go drown the man in front of him.

But, "No," Dream says. "I didn't tell him."

George doubts his honesty and asks, "Then why's he like that?"

"He kinda... figured it out himself," Dream mutters, grinning to himself. When he sees the still un-amused look on George's face, he continues, "Oh come on, it's *funny*."

George shakes his head, droplets of saltwater flying in every direction. "I don't think it's funny. I think it's annoying, rude, mean and dumb."

Dream chuckles and moves closer to George until the brunet can feel the warmth radiating from the taller. "Oh, is Gogy hurt?" he teases.

George scoffs and turns to look in the other direction.

"What can I do to make up for it?" Dream asks softly, leaning in to place a small kiss on George's cheek. "George?"

With a sigh, George turns back to look at the other, "There's nothing. You'll just have to suffer like I did."

Dream grins. "Really? There's *nothing*."

Some feet away from them, Sapnap shifts. "I'm third-wheeling so hard right now."

"I'm sorry, Sap," George mutters, turning to face him and pushing Dream's face away. "We can keep our hands to ourselves, I promise."

Sapnap hums incredulously.

"Seriously, we can!" George exclaims. "Dream is just being an idiot."

The look of disdain is still present on Sapnap's features. "I think I'll leave."

"*No*, you don't have to," George quickly retorts. "We can keep our distance."

Sapnap huffs. "I really don't believe that," he says and then smiles. It looks pretty forced. "But that's fine, I'll just go fishing."

George is about to argue with this, but Dream is shaking his head at him.

"Okay," George says more quietly. "I'm sorry."

Sapnap rises to his feet. "George," he begins with a stern voice. "You have nothing to be sorry about. It's fine." He sounds genuine but George still worries.

When Sapnap is out of sight, Dream practically lunges onto George, pinning him down on the sand with his body.

"Dream!" George exclaims as Dream starts peppering the brunet's face with open-mouthed kisses. "You're just proving Sapnap right."

Dream lifts his gaze for a moment. He's grinning as he says, "What's so bad about that?"

Then he smashes their lips together for a harsh kiss that has George panting. George digs his fingertips into Dream's hair, tugging slightly.

When Dream pulls back from George's lips to start kissing the brunet's neck, George mutters, "You're such an idiot."

Dream bites down on George's jaw.

"What the fuck?" George snaps and he can practically feel the devilish smile on Dream's lips as he kisses down on the mark.

It's difficult to think when Dream is running his hands under George's shirt, when he's kissing every inch of skin he can find and whispering things he wants to do to George with his low voice. But somehow, George manages to make sense of one thought.

"Dream," he says, pushing the dirty blond's face off of his neck.

Dream instantly backs away, concern and worry evident in his golden eyes. "Sorry, sorry," he says. "Did I do something wrong?"

George can't help but smile at Dream's care for him as he shakes his head. "Nothing wrong. I promise. I just have to tell you something."

The relief washes through Dream and he smiles warily, nodding and taking a seat opposite George.

"Okay, what is it?" he asks through shiny lips from their kissing.

George looks down at the sand, drawing circles on it with his index finger. "I- uhh... it's kinda hard to explain," he begins, nervousness creeping into his body and making his voice shaky. "You know how you thought me and Sap were a thing?"

Dream stays silent for a beat. "Yeah?"

"So... that was kind of intentional," George mutters, keeping his eyes on the golden sand instead of the golden eyes fixed on him.

There's silence after it and George can imagine how confused Dream is.

"What do you mean?" Dream eventually asks, his tone undecipherable.

George sighs. *Better to just come out with it all.* "I told Sapnap that I had a thing for you," he begins, cringing at the memory that feels so long ago even though it's been barely days since it happened. "He told me you definitely like me back and stuff, but I... I was scared, y'know?"

Dream hums, urging George to go on.

"I was so scared you wouldn't actually like me back and- and then things would've been awkward. And I told all this to Sapnap." George chuckles. "He said I was an idiot of course, but I just couldn't tell you. But then Sapnap suggested that we... uhm... made you jealous and then you'd have to tell me if you had feelings for me."

Dream is staying eerily quiet, just listening to George's words.

"In hindsight, it was pretty fucking weird and not that considerate of your feelings. I'm really sorry, Dream," George lifts his head to face Dream who's looking at him with a neutral look on his face. "It was shitty and I should've just told you about my feelings and not been such a... a baby about

it.”

They stare at each other for some time and George is waiting for the punch. He’s waiting for Dream to say *‘t hat’s so weird’* or *‘I thought you were better than this’*. George can feel his stomach churning from the anxiety.

But then Dream laughs. *Laughs.*

“Wha-?”

Dream laughs so hard, he has to clench his ribs with his hands.

“I can’t believe I fell for it,” Dream manages to say between his wheezes.

George doesn’t know what to say. He was expecting some sort of anger being thrown at him.

“I mean, of course when you told me you weren’t with him, I believed you,” Dream mutters. “I just- Why didn’t you tell me? Wait, no, that’s dumb. You already said it was because you were scared. But like, why? Why were you scared I would reject you? I’ve been all over you for so long.”

George shakes his head. “I don’t know. I just- I guess there’s always a small part of me that- I don’t know.”

Dream’s laughter is fading now and it’s replaced by a look of confusion and concern.

“What do you mean, a small part of you...?” he asks.

George curses in his head. “I just... I’m anxious about this stuff, that’s all.”

The look of slight concern lingers on Dream’s features as he nods. “But we’re here now,” he says. “That’s all that matters.”

“So you forgive me?” George asks quietly, still hesitant about letting relief flood into his system.

Dream grins. “Of course I will. Hell, I would’ve probably done it myself if I were you.” He leans in to place a chaste kiss on George’s lips, chuckling as George chases after it. “And we’ve talked about how this island can mess with your brain.” He’s tickling George’s scalp as he says it. “Now, can we go back to what we were doing?”

George blushes and nods, leaning down on his back as Dream comes to rest on top of him, placing kisses everywhere he can, laughing at George when he complains about it being too ticklish.

The sun warms George’s skin but he barely feels it over the tingling sensation left all around his body where Dream has placed his gentle kisses. He alternately feels overwhelmingly present and alternately like he’s floating somewhere far away, looming over the fluffy clouds where sunlight is unblocked and blinding. He wants to stay here forever.

Through the mist and heat, George somehow registers Dream whispering something in his ear.

“Huh?” George asks, blinking his eyes open.

Dream smiles at George, tiny creases forming around his eyes. He leans to brush his lips against the shell of George’s ear and with a gruff voice, whispers, “*Can I blow you?*”

George’s eyes widen and he nods frantically. “Please.”

With a small grin, Dream rises from where he is pinning George's body to the ground, moving to place kisses down George's clothed abdomen. As George squirms underneath him, Dream chuckles and says, "Stop moving."

George huffs but does as told. He can feel his face turning more and more scarlet, and his breathing turning more shallow as Dream fumbles with the zipper and button on his pants.

"*Fuck*," George mutters under his breath as he lifts his hips up to help Dream pull his pants as well as his boxers down.

The look on Dream's face is nothing less than greedy as he unconsciously licks his bottom lip.

"This okay?" Dream asks and as soon as George nods, Dream drops his head on George's crotch. As he mouths over George's length, the brunet whimpers and automatically tries to buck his hips up to Dream's mouth. Dream grins and pushes his hip back on the ground with one hand.

As Dream licks George's cock, giving extra attention to the sensitive head, George knows this isn't his first time doing it because *fuck*. George has definitely received his fair share of head whether it be in his college days with some closeted dudes that practically fell to their knees at the sight of the brunet. And when it comes to George's past relationships, he has more often than not been on the receiving end of things, which he has never had any problem with.

Especially not now as Dream takes George's entire cock in his mouth, bobbing his head in the exact way that has George cursing and whimpering embarrassingly loud. He's praying for the life of him that Sapnap will take his time fishing because this is definitely not a sight he wants his friend to come to.

"Faster," George begs, anxiety now reaching him as he thinks about the prospect of them getting caught again. He knows some people like it and get a thrill out of it, but George definitely isn't one of those people.

Dream seems to hesitate whether or not he wants to give George what he wants, but eventually does as told, mouth moving so quick, George sees colorful shapes dancing before his eyes.

"Fuck, *fuck*," he mutters in lack of better words. "I'm gonna come."

Somewhere in the back of his head George thinks he should be ashamed of coming undone so quickly, but he doesn't have any time to linger on the thought as he sees a flash white and feels Dream's hands grabbing his hips tighter, rough enough to create bruises.

It doesn't take long after that before George is coming down the dirty blond's throat, Dream swallowing everything earnestly.

When they're done, Dream flops on his back, lying down next to George on the soft sand. George is panting, eyes closed as he tries to come back to this world. Eventually, his high comes to an end and George turns to look at the man next to him.

Dream is smiling contently as he reaches a hand to brush George's cheek. "Was it okay?"

And George wants to laugh at the question because- "Of course it was! What? Did I look like I wasn't enjoying myself?"

A faint crimson appears on the man's cheeks at the words. "Just wanted to make sure," he murmurs.

“And I-” *Fuck* . George was about to say ‘I love you for that’ before he caught himself. He sighs. “And I’m glad.”

The sizzling sun is undoubtedly burning their skin but neither of the two make any move to leave. It’s nice. *More* than nice, George corrects in his mind as he feels Dream interlacing their fingers, his thumb drawing soothing circles on the bumps of George’s knuckles. He could live the rest of his life like this.

“So, are we boyfriends now?”

The question left his lips before he could stop himself. There’s a moment of dread and panic as George waits for Dream to answer.

But then, “Of course we are,” the dirty blond says, a loving smile on his lips as he looks straight into George’s eyes and through his soul. “Was it somehow unclear?”

The relief is like a drug, making George feel lightheaded as he giggles and shakes his head. “No, I’m just stupid.”

Dream chuckles at that, moving to wrap his arms around the brunet’s torso. “That’s true.”

“Dream!”

The wheeze sounds so ridiculous as it tumbles into the warm air making George laugh as well. They really are idiots.

## Chapter End Notes

hey! im back from my roadtrip and so ready to write. i've got a fic idea that i really want to start working on, so the final chapter to this should come soon.

as always, comments and kudos are more than appreciated <3

# Home

## Chapter Notes

there's explicit sexual content in this chapter.

tw: mentions of suicidal thoughts (brief but there)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They really are idiots.

George doesn't count the days anymore; at least not as fiercely. He supposes everything really did change when Dream and him finally got together. The island which George might've previously called his mortal enemy has now become somewhat of a home to George. He wakes up everyday, curled around his boyfriend's arms. Days are spent with Dream and Sapnap joking about anything and nothing, all the while coming up with games to pass the time.

Since coming to this island, George has really found his creative side - tic-tac-toe on the shore with grey and white stones, Two Truths and a Lie nearly every night, Pictionary by drawing pictures on the golden sand. It really does make the time pass. That and stealing kisses from Dream every chance he gets.

It never seems to get old; the feeling of Dream's lips on his, strong hands grabbing his waist and pulling closer until George doesn't know where his body ends and Dream's begins. It's truly intoxicating and George can't get enough.

Sure, there are difficulties and not everything is rainbows and sunshine. Some nights George has nightmares of the accident, images of faceless people drowning under the icy cold sea flashing through his mind, making him feel like one of them; drowning deeper and deeper into the black ocean.

Then a warm hand will shake him awake, brush the sweat-soaked strands of hair from his forehead. Dream doesn't have to ask what the dream was about anymore, he'll just lean his lips on the skin under George's ear, placing kiss after kiss there while whispering sweet, honey-dripping words of reassurance.

But all in all, George really thought everything would turn out fine. He thought that he would spend some more days on the island kissing Dream senseless until eventually rescue would come just like Dream assured him every day, and all three of the residents on the island would be drifted off to their happily ever after.

George was convinced he would be able to move past the habit of running away from relationships. He really thought so.

But then the two week mark of his and Dream's relationship comes and just like that, everything crumbles into dust-thin pieces before his eyes.

It's like any other day. George wakes up in Dream's arms, his face buried into the warmth of his chest as they breathe in sync. But it's not like any other day because George can't shrug off the feeling of suffocating, an acute tightness wrapping around his chest and abdomen.

If he really thinks about it, this started last night when he was sitting on the shore with Dream, his head resting on the other's shoulder as he followed the movement of waves with his tired eyes.

"D'you know what?" Dream asked, the smile audible in his voice. "I think our anniversary is coming." It was said with a slightly joking tone, but still hidden behind was honesty.

George felt the first signs of ice settling in his bones as he coughed, trying to maintain a neutral tone when he asked, "What'd you mean?"

"It's been two weeks since we, y'know, kissed the first time," Dream explained, speaking the words to George's fluffy hair. "So, we're really close to our one month milestone."

He said the words with so much kindness and awe, but George couldn't get rid of the unsettling feeling brewing in his gut. It was like the beginning of a flu when you know something is wrong but it hasn't hit with full-intensity yet.

George tried to shrug it off as they went to sleep, but then morning came and things were so much worse.

This is no new sensation to George, the feeling of being squeezed from every direction until he can't breathe anymore. It's the sensation that has always driven him to leave past relationships, both romantic and platonic. The self-proclaimed psychologist in George says it's from his fear of getting abandoned or being unaccepted but that's just a thought.

Over his years, George hasn't learned a way to deal with the pressure other than escaping. He really wishes he would have another way to do things, but there's nothing. Talking about it would only make things worse; George can picture it in his mind, telling Dream how much he wants to leave him. That's just a conversation doomed to end badly. So George doesn't even bother to start it.

Dream's warm hand that's wrapped around George's slender waist feels too suffocating as the brunet quickly slithers out of the hold and backs away. His heart feels like it's being pierced with a hundred daggers at the same time when he looks at his boyfriend's face, the freckles showing clearly in the morning sunlight peeking through the viridescent palm trees. Why does it have to hurt so bad?

George feels like the biggest idiot of the century as he walks away from the dirty blond's sleeping body and makes his way to the other end of the isle. The distance doesn't feel big enough and the suffocating feeling lingers, invisible hands tugging George's throat until he can almost see the purple marks they leave on the milky white.

He sits on the burning hot sand until his limbs grow numb, waves crashing ahead without a care in the world. George wants so badly to just be a tiny spec of light on the tumbling sea, just go with the rhythm of the waves. It feels like he has too much responsibility in his life. He doesn't want to make decisions. Especially not decisions he already knows will hurt him and Dream in the process.



After minutes or hours, there's the sound of footsteps coming from behind him, and George leisurely cranes his neck to peer at the figure. It's Sapnap. George doesn't know if he's more relieved or disappointed.

"Hey," the man says, taking a seat next to George. "Why aren't you with Dream?"

George turns to look back at the sea, shrugging his shoulders because there really isn't an answer that he could put into words. *Because I'm scared* doesn't sound right and *because I'm angry with myself* just doesn't begin to describe the fury within him.

"Well," Sapnap begins, the smile lingering on his lips. "I'm glad we could talk for once, just you and me. Feels like forever 'cause you've been practically glued to Dream this whole time." To Sapnap's defense, he only sounds a little bitter.

"Yeah, I'm sorry," George mutters, beginning to draw circles on the sand next to him. "Dream can be clingy too, though." Maybe he says the words with a little too much bite because there's a frown on Sapnap's face when George turns to look at him.

"Everything okay in your love paradise?" he asks with a hint of teasing in his voice.

George huffs. "Love paradise?"

"Well, what would you call you guys making out for 24 hours a day?"

Rolling his eyes, George shrugs again. "I don't know."

There's a pause before Sapnap rests his hand on George's shoulder. "Seriously, is everything okay with you guys?"

George really doesn't feel like getting into it, so he puts up his most convincing smile and says, "Of course it is. I just didn't sleep that well last night and didn't feel like bothering Dream."

If Sapnap is hesitant about George's honesty, he doesn't show it. "Nightmares again?"

Ah, yes, Dream isn't the only one who knows about George's bad sleeping experiences. One day when George was napping and Dream was getting water, he had one of his usual nightmares, and Sapnap was there to help him through it. They talked about it afterwards and apparently Sapnap hasn't forgotten.

"Something like that," George mutters and it's only a half-lie because he did have a nightmare earlier that night. But it definitely isn't why he feels this bad right now.

Sapnap sighs next to him. "The same one?"

"Yup." George nods. "Every time."

"That sucks," Sapnap's hand is still on George's shoulder and the man apparently realizes this as he drops it back to his own lap. "I would go crazy if I had to go through that again."

"Yeah. I just- Do you ever wonder about the people on the plane?" George asks. It's not exactly the change in topic he was hoping for but he'll take it.

Sapnap nods. "Of course. All the time." He rubs a hand across his face. "I'm so glad I was travelling alone, because if I had a friend or someone on the plane... I don't know how I could take it."

“Yeah,” George agrees. “We’re all really fucking lucky. Like, actually.”

They stay silent for a while, both looking at the sea, same thoughts travelling through their minds. How many survived? How many didn’t? Are they going to survive? Are there people looking for them?

It’s a dead-end road. There are no answers to these questions and it makes everything ten times worse. There’s no acceptance that could be had. They can’t go through this because they have no idea what they are going through.

“Wanna return back to Dream?” Sapnap eventually asks, already rising from his seat and brushing off the sand from his clothes.

No, George really wants to say. *That’s the last thing I want.*

“Sure.”

Because there’s no escaping from the island, George finds himself slowly but surely distancing himself from Dream. He’s not always aware of doing so as he chooses the longer route to return to camp, having more time alone, or when he talks to Sapnap more often than to his boyfriend.

It’s slowly eating him alive: the guilt of hurting his boyfriend like this combined with the everlasting suffocating feeling he has when he spends time with Dream. But all that does is move him forward and cause him to push the dirty blond further and further away.

They hardly even kiss anymore, more often than not because George stops every attempt from Dream by saying some dumb excuse that continues ringing in his head for hours afterwards. It’s no surprise when Dream notices the cold attitude in a matter of days.

The sun is beginning to fall against the horizon as George digs his heels deeper into the plush sand, hands working on a leaf basket. It’s a poor attempt at a basket but George needs something to occupy his hands with. Sapnap is somewhere fishing and Dream is setting up the bonfire for the night.

Suddenly, the dirty blond is taking a seat next to George on the sand. The pressuring feeling is back, squeezing George’s throat and he has to get away. If he stays, he’ll stop breathing for good. But as he goes to get up, a hand grabs his wrist.

“Don’t,” Dream says and it sounds like a plea, like a prayer. It only makes the hurt in George’s chest deeper and harsher, but George stays.

He doesn’t say a word, simply looking at his hands. Eventually it’s Dream that speaks up.

“What’s going on with us?” he asks, sounding heartbreakingly sad. “Can you please talk to me?”

George sighs, feet itching to run away. “Nothing’s going on,” he mutters.

A scoff leaves the dirty blond’s lips as he releases his hold on George’s wrist. “That’s bullshit and you know it.”

This was bound to happen. “I’m just tired,” he still says, the truth too sour on his tongue.

“You *always* say that, George,” Dream states. “I’m tired too but I don’t push you away or act shitty because of it.”

George nods, not saying anything. He can feel the tears beginning to well in his eyes, the scene becoming more and more hazy with every unshed tear. This feels like the breaking point. Every good thing has to come to an end after all and for George, it’s always sooner rather than later.

“So what’s the problem, George?” Dream prompts when the brunet doesn’t say a word.

And George cracks. The pressure that has been building in his core comes out like an erupting volcano, spilling the scorching hot magma everywhere and pushing toxic fumes into the air. He knows it’s deadly but he can’t care.

“I’m just so fucking sick of this island!” He exclaims, hands swinging around him. Dream shifts next to him and George turns to look at him. “I’m so sick of everything on this island. I’m so sick of staring at the same sand-” He grabs a fistful of the golden matter and swings it to the sea, turning his face back towards the rainforest in the background. “The same curved palm tree and the same fucking bonfires. And I- I’m so sick of you!”

George regrets it as soon as the words come out of his mouth. They poured out of him without a filter, spilling into the air in angered red. It’s not what he really feels. Not even close. If anything, George is sick of feeling this way and *being* this way.

The look on Dream’s face is nothing short of broken. The dirty blond looks like he’s either going to start crying or hit George in the face or maybe do both, but he just gets up from where he’s sitting and looks down at George, dirty blond curls falling on his face.

“Well if you’re so fucking sick of me, I’ll just get off your back.” And with that, he leaves, disappearing into the greenery.

George knows he should follow him and he *wants* to follow him, but his feet are glued to the sand, body frozen into his seat. His stomach is swirling from all the pain his mind can’t even begin to handle. For a second, George is convinced this is how he’ll die; sitting on the shore of the godforbidden island, heart cracking in half from all the pressure it can’t bear. But, to George’s dismay, he stays alive, breathing shallow as his hands find their way into his hair, pulling on the strands until he can feel dark bristles breaking.

The sob that erupts from his throat sounds like a dying animal, but he can’t find it in himself to care. Not when he’s sitting here and Dream is somewhere thinking the brunet hates his guts. *Fucking idiot. Why do you have to ruin everything? Why are you such an asshole?*

As George’s red eyes fall on the sea in front of him, he seriously considers walking into the icy cold and drowning himself. Dream wouldn’t be here to pull him back to the surface. But the thought is quickly discarded as another one comes clear as day, shining brighter than any other idea. *I need to find Dream.*

As George stumbles through the bushy forest, eyes manically searching for a blink of golden eyes or dirty blond curls, George thinks about how unfair he is being. He knows Dream deserves an explanation and although George hasn’t yet figured out the words, he will be damned if he doesn’t try.

Sharp sticks and stones send piercing pain through the soles of George’s feet but he really couldn’t

care less. His mind only repeats the five-letter word that's the cause of everything good in George's life. *Dream, Dream, Dream. Where the hell are you?*

It's already beginning to get really dark, the only light guiding George being the silver gleam of moonlight that makes everything appear strangely scary. Every breath George takes is short and raspy, deepening George's confused mindset even more. This feels like one of his nightmares; running alone through a dark forest, ice-cold panic seeping into his bones with every passing second.

When George feels like he's on the brink of passing out, he stops for a moment, leaning on a thick palm tree that feels cool to the touch. He tries to catch his breath, thinking back to the way Dream always helps him when he feels the similar panic because of his nightmares or just because living is suddenly too demanding.

The dirty blond's soft voice is in his ears in no time. *Breathe in for five, four, three, two and one. There you go, you're doing great. Now exhale for five, four, three, two, one.*

When George has calmed down, a wave of sadness takes over him. Will he ever hear that same voice whispering sweet reassurances in his ear like he's the sole reason the man is even living anymore? It seems highly unlikely and the realization hurts like hell.

The island feels bigger than normal as George runs mindlessly through the trees, already somehow knowing to skip over pits and large stones. He's running on autopilot, eyes set to look for Dream. And when he eventually finds the man, he doesn't even know what to say.

Dream is sitting by a tree, shadows dancing on his features making it impossible to see his expression. Judging by the loud sound of waves, they are not too far from the shore and somehow that's soothing to George. Maybe because then he can go sink into the ocean if this ends as he expects it to end.

"Dream," George says, immediately cringing at the roughness in his voice. He coughs a couple of times to clear his throat, repeating the word again.

There's no answer.

"Can I sit here?" George asks quietly but loud enough for Dream to hear.

When there's still no answer, George takes a seat facing the dirty blond. As his feet touch Dream's, the man in question pulls his feet to his chest. It feels like another stab to the brunet's already bruising heart.

George is glad it's this dark, that he can't even make out the other's face. It makes it easier to say the next words.

He speaks quietly, nearly whispering. "I haven't told you how my parents kicked me out at 16, have I?"

It was a rhetorical question, of course. He hasn't told anyone about it and he's well aware of that. Something about this situation, about *Dream*, makes it easier to spill his guts and be this vulnerable.

There's a moment of silence before a small "What?" releases into the air, repeating more than once inside George's head.

“Yeah,” George takes a deep breath. He really doesn’t want to cry right now. “I was 16 when I had my first boyfriend, Adrian. We were best friends, but then it... uhm, it turned into something more. I didn’t tell my parents because I knew they were crazy religious and somehow religion meant ‘fuck the gays’ for them.” He takes a pause, trying to find the words in his head. He’s really out of his league right now.

“Anyway,” George’s hands drop to the ground, already drawing shapes before he thinks about it. “I was really stupid and really in love. Y’know that immortal, untouchable feeling you get when you’re young? I just thought nothing would happen. So, I did stuff- visited Adrian every chance I got, took risks and of course, messed up.”

The memory is clear in George’s mind. No matter how many times he has tried to push it back, forget it. It somehow always stays the same.

“One night Adrian was at a sleepover at my place and my mum walked in on us, uh, doing stuff. The look on her face was so horrible. I don’t think you could even imagine the amount of shock and anger and- and *disappointment* that I saw.” Hot tears have started falling down George’s face and he tries to gather what he can.

“It wasn’t long before she and my dad talked to me or, no, it wasn’t *talking* so much as it was yelling. We had this huge argument that ended with my mum telling me to leave. So, I- I left. I stayed with Adrian for a while. I really thought they would call and beg for me to come back.” The deep breath George attempts to take feels like he’s drinking a gallon of seawater, coughing air to calm down. “But they never did.”

It’s silent for a while until Dream’s hand finds his.

“Why didn’t you tell me about this?” he asks with that sweet voice that feels like a warm blanket.

George squeezes Dream’s hand. “I’ve never told anyone about it. I guess the whole thing fucked me up pretty bad. We’ve talked about my stunning relationship record and you know they end pretty short. I just always, I-” Dream thumb brushes against George’s knuckles. “I think I have to go before the other person tells me to leave. My brain can’t really comprehend the idea of someone actually wanting to be with me or like, actually, uhm, love me.”

The words sound pathetic when George says them. Something straight out of a bad teenage movie, the insecure guy with parental issues.

But Dream is moving closer to George, his hands wrapping around George’s torso so tightly he feels like he’ll suffocate. But somehow it’s nice. *Really* nice. George buries his face in Dream’s chest, letting his tears fall on the other’s bare skin.

“You have no idea how sorry I am,” Dream whispers right into George’s ear. “And I *hate* that you can’t see how amazing and- and worthy of love you are. But George-” He pulls George off his chest by his shoulders and George can feel the dirty blond’s warm breath on his face as he speaks. “-I’ll spend the rest of my life showing you how much I love you.”

He continues by pressing his lips on George’s with so much intensity that George can’t help but melt into it, hands blending into the dirty blond locks so close to his grasp.

How can someone be such a good fucking kisser? George can feel every soundless word leaking from Dream’s lips onto his; every declaration of love, every word of affection. The whole world really feels like it stops for a moment when George leans impossibly close to Dream’s heating body.

George separates from the kiss for a moment to shuffle onto Dream's lap, straddling his strong thighs and interlacing his hands behind the taller's neck.

"I love you," Dream whispers with a low, gravelly voice before pressing a kiss on the spot right below his eye. "So much."

It's not so easy to believe the words George has spent his whole life being doubtful of, but something about the feeling behind the words makes George want to try.

"I love you too, idiot," George says, blinking off some of the tears that have stuck to his eyelashes. "Probably too much for my own good."

Dream huffs but it turns into a laugh as he bends down to kiss George's lips, soft at first but quickly like he can't seem to get enough of George. It makes George whimper against the kiss and there's a familiar pool of heat gathering in the bottom of his stomach, urging him to push forward and roll his hips against Dream's.

"*Fuck*," Dream reaches to start placing kisses on George's neck, nibbling the skin between his teeth and drawing sharp gasps from the man sat on his lap.

The darkness is quickly becoming irritating as George can't see Dream's face, only making out the blurry silhouette.

With a breathless voice, George says, "Dream." The dirty blond immediately pulls back from where he was kissing a line across George's jaw. "Can we go to the beach?"

There's a moment of silence before Dream answers with a confused tone, "Sure."

George rolls his eyes and grabs the other's hand, pulling him up to his feet.

The walk to the shore is short and sweet, Dream continuously stopping George to place hasty kisses on his lips that turn to George laughing against the other's mouth, muttering "*c'mon*" over and over again.

When they finally arrive at the shore, moonlight paints Dream's features in silver perfection that leaves George at a loss of words. Apparently the feeling isn't onesided as Dream smiles brightly, eyes glued to every inch of George's face.

"C'mere," Dream finally says and pulls George to his body by his hips, larger hands than George's somehow perfectly slotting on the dip of George's sharp hip bones.

And when Dream kisses him, so light and gentle, it feels like the first time. It's two people studying each other under the faint moonlight. George can't help but smile against the kiss, pulling Dream closer even though they are already flushed together.

If George could, he would seal this moment in an envelope, one of those old, rustic ones that have a copper shade to them from how many years they hold within them. George would seal the moment just so he could replay it over and over again, the same tale never becoming old. This is his and Dream's moment and there's something so sacred and pure about it.

So pure that not even Dream's next words can put filth to it.

Dream nibbles the top of George's ear between his sharp canines, whispering, "Can I fuck you?"

And they both already know the answer. The answer has been clear in every moment they've spent together, even those when George despised the man. Somehow this is what was always meant to happen and George can't feel anything but pure joy and excitement for it.

He grins and rises to his toes to whisper in Dream's ear, "What are you waiting for?"

A smile cracks Dream's face as he swiftly takes George in his arms, the brunet's feet entangling around the taller's waist.

"Hold on tight," he warns before dropping them both on the soft sand and pinning George down in the process. "Sorry," he mutters sheepishly as George chuckles and lifts his head to kiss Dream.

The water isn't too far from them, salty droplets flying on the two bodies with the occasional harsh waves crashing on land. George doesn't hate the feeling of icy cold meeting his seething skin. It's grounding in the midst of his haze.

Without taking his lips off George's, Dream begins tucking the brunet's shirt up. George grins and pushes the other man off a little to take the shirt off, shortly followed by the pair of pants he has on.

When George is done, he notices the other staring at him with so much intensity behind his eyes that George lets out an involuntary gasp.

"What are you staring at, creep?" George teases although he can feel himself blushing at the attention.

Dream rolls his eyes. "What do you think?"

If George wasn't so impatient from his nature, he would probably keep this little back-and-forth going, but he really doesn't have the will or motivation to do so. Instead, he reaches out to tug Dream's pants off. It's been long since the other man has worn a shirt, so he luckily doesn't have to use more time and energy to pull one off.

But what still manages to shock George is the lack of underwear the taller has on and by 'lack' he means *no* underwear whatsoever.

"Dream!" He turns to look upwards at the sky instead of staring at Dream's crotch. It's not like he hasn't seen *that* before but it somehow caught him off guard. "Why aren't you wearing underwear?"

Dream scoffs at this. "Oh come on," he reaches a hand to hold George's chin, bringing it down so they are looking into each other's eyes. "We're on a stranded island and you think *that* is the top-most priority."

There really is nothing George could say that wouldn't make him sound like a weird prude, so he just closes his eyes, leaning into the hand holding his jaw.

"And besides," Dream continues, giving a small squeeze to George's jawline. "If you're gonna be scared of looking at my dick, I think we're gonna have a problem."

George rolls his eyes, embarrassment now turning his face into an even deeper scarlet. "Shut up," he says. "I've sucked you off plenty of times. I'm not scared of looking at your dick."

Dream wheezes and the sound makes George grin even though he's trying to hold a straight face. "Then why aren't you looking?"

Another eyeroll. “Honey, you give yourself too much credit. You might think so, but I don’t really feel like staring at your dick for hours on end.” When Dream bursts into laughter again, George continues, “Now, are you gonna fuck me or do I have to do it myself?”

Dream’s eyes darken at the words and his laughter comes to an abrupt stop. “That would be hot,” he mutters and pauses, a shiver going through George’s spine at the look on Dream’s face. “But maybe not tonight.”

George doesn’t have the chance to say anything as Dream smashes their already-kissed lips together, leaning forward to pin George down on the sand again. These kisses are even hungrier and needier and George finds himself squirming under Dream’s body in the hopes of getting some much-needed friction.

Apparently Dream notices this as he grins against George’s lips, one hand pulling the waistband of George’s boxers. Getting the hint, George lifts his hips and helps Dream pull the garment down his feet, eventually throwing it somewhere on the beach to be taken care of later.

Swollen lips find George’s neck, kissing and biting the skin until George is mewling, hoping Dream would just get on with it. And then Dream lifts one of George’s legs on his shoulder, the stretch burning George’s muscles in the best way possible. Dream plants kiss after kiss on the sensitive skin of George’s inner thigh, coming closer and closer to where George wants to be kissed the most.

George’s heart is beating too fast for him to keep up, chest rising and falling just as quickly. This is what he’s been waiting for since forever and it’s here. A gust of wind flowing from somewhere beyond the ocean draws goosebumps on George’s skin and he can’t help the sharp hissing sound leaving his mouth at the sensation.

Dream is taking his mouth off George’s thigh now, dark eyes staring into George’s. He reaches a hand to George’s mouth, first brushing a thumb on the bottom lip before sinking his entire index finger in. One finger quickly becomes two and three, and George puts on a show for it. Staring intently into Dream’s eyes as he darts his tongue to lick around the digits, a moan vibrating the somewhat salty skin.

But as Dream grunts and pulls the fingers away, slowly moving closer to where George wants them to be, a thought pops into the brunet’s mind. And he tries to shake it off, but can’t.

One finger is already brushing against George’s rim when the brunet says, “Stop.”

Dream stops immediately, hand pulling away from where it was already sending shocks of pleasure through George’s body.

“Sorry, sorry,” Dream quickly mutters, concern painting his features. “Too much?”

“No, it was all good, *very* good. Uhm- I just,” George really doesn’t want to say the next words but he has to, right? “I really don’t want sand in my ass.”

There’s a moment of silence before Dream’s shoulders slump from the relief and he wheezes.

“That’s it?”

George nods, eyes closing from how embarrassed he feels.

Dream seems to catch onto this as he stops laughing, placing a hand, the one that isn’t covered by spit, on George’s cheek. His eyes seem to be looking for an answer, as he spins a little in one place.



“Do you wanna- uh, go in the water?”

The displeasure is probably pouring out of George as he looks at Dream with a ‘Are you serious?’-look.

“But it’s really cold there,” he whines, shivering at just the idea.

But Dream just smirks. “Well I know a way to make you warmer.” He ends the sentence with an amusing eyebrow-wiggle.

George rolls his eyes. “Oh god, I’m really gonna have sex with a dork, aren’t I?”

“Hey!” Dream playfully shoves George’s shoulder. “Keep saying that and you might not get lucky tonight.”

George shoots Dream an unconvinced look, the leg that was propped on the other’s shoulder dropping to the ground. “Oh really?”

A smug look on his face, George pushes the other by his chest until Dream is lying on his back on the sand, a curious look on his face as he awaits George’s next move. George throws one leg on the other side of Dream’s hips, easily straddling the man. A crimson color appears on Dream’s face, beautifully highlighting the dozens of freckles.

George leans down to ghost his lips against Dream’s, rolling his hips against Dream’s clearly hard cock. He relishes in the grunt the man under him gives and the obvious bob of his Adam’s apple as he swallows thickly.

“You’re really not gonna fuck me?” George whispers the words against Dream’s lips and watches as Dream fights and fails to stop his eyes from fluttering shut. Then, George lifts up from straddling Dream and starts running in the direction of the ocean, giggling as Dream splutters in confusion.

The water is just as cold as always.

“Shit,” George mutters under his breath. But he doesn’t want to blow his confident act so taking a deep breath, George takes step after step into the icy cold water.

He hears Dream coming some feet behind him, water splashing loudly as the man tries to catch up. When the water hits George’s collarbones, he turns to look back.

“Thought it was too cold?” Dream shoots as he swims to where George is standing.

George grins. “I thought you could keep me warm?”

They look at each other for a while, Dream smiling wide as he swims a little closer until he can rest his hands on either side of George’s face. Dream’s lips graze George’s with feather-like lightness, George already growing restless and his head swimming in clouds. Every thought returns to Dream; how it feels when he brushes his hands up and down the expanse of skin on George’s sides, tilting George’s head to place his lips on the brunet’s already bruising neck.

“Please,” George whispers and it sounds louder in the silence of the night, the waves carrying the word to Dream who gets the message, lifting George so he can wrap his legs around the other’s waist. The proximity makes George’s head spin and he tugs on some of the overgrown strands of hair behind Dream’s neck to pull his mouth to his.

It takes no time at all before they are at the same place as they were on the sand, kisses becoming sloppy and more biting than actually kissing. Then Dream brings his hand to George's lips, eyebrows rising up in expectation.

"What?" George slurs, thoughts blank.

Dream rolls his eyes. "Spit."

That doesn't make George comply though, a frown appearing on his face.

"We're literally in the water, Dream," he retorts, Dream's fingers tracing George's lips as he speaks. "Is that really necessary?"

Another eyeroll from the dirty blond. "Just do it, George."

George slowly opens his mouth, letting Dream's fingers fall heavy on his tongue. He really doesn't see the point in this but licks the digits in his mouth until Dream retracts them and replaces them with his mouth, kissing deeply as his hand falls underwater, finding its place on George's ass.

And as Dream eases one finger into George, he swallows every whine and gasp that leaves the brunet's lips. Every now and then a wave crashes onto the two's bodies and George has to hold back from laughing at the frustrated expression on Dream's face as the cold water soaks his curly hair.

When a particularly rough wave almost causes the two to fall head first underwater, George can't help but giggle against Dream's lips.

"What are you laughing about?" Dream asks but George can tell he's on the brink of bursting into a fit of throat-destroying wheezes.

George only laughs more, the giggles stopping momentarily when Dream pushes a second finger in, scissoring them inside George. But the absurdness of the situation makes George burst into laughter again, tipping his head back as tears gather in the corners of his eyes.

"George," Dream says with a warning-sort of tone that does nothing to help the laughter. "Do you need a minute?"

Shaking his head, George presses his lips on Dream's. "No, just keep going."

And Dream does, two fingers becoming three until George is begging for Dream to just fuck him already. The giddiness never leaves, though, but George prefers it this way; it helps his nerves and makes everything less serious.

When Dream pulls all his fingers from George, the brunet lets out a small whine that stops when he feels Dream prodding his entrance.

"You ready?" Dream asks with that low, raspy voice of his that sends shivers tickling up and down the length of George's spine.

Nodding, George presses his swollen lips on Dream's and speaks against his mouth, "Yeah."

"I swear, if you start laughing again-"

George bites his lip as he tries to stop laughing at the tone in Dream's words. He nods again, eyebrows pinching together as Dream finally pushes in. The stretch makes him hiss a little as

Dream kisses him roughly, probably trying to keep his attention off the somewhat uncomfortable sensation.

“*Fuck*,” Dream groans against George’s lips.

Everything seems to still for a moment, the waves turning quiet and the wind losing its edge until it’s just Dream and George. Shocks of pleasure are shooting up George’s back as he tightens his shaking legs around Dream, the dirty blond tipping his head back at the sensations it creates.

George’s entire skin feels alight, like saffron flames dragging up and down every small bit of milky white on George’s body. The feeling is addicting. George can’t believe he thought he’d feel cold in the water when he can feel nothing but boiling heat.

When the feeling of Dream inside him finally becomes more pleasure than anything, George rolls his hips to show Dream he can move. It takes barely no time at all for the taller to take the cue and run with it; his hands grab George’s waist with a bruising grip as he drags himself out and slowly pushes deeper.

George’s moans don’t get past his lips as Dream kisses him like he never wants to stop, tongue meeting George’s and sending even more of those fiery shocks of pleasure that make George see colorful dots ahead for a split second.

“Dream,” he mumbles in lack of better words and doesn’t stop, repeating the name over and over until it sounds so familiar on his tongue like it belongs there; like he should never say another word.

A particularly harsh thrust makes George’s head spin even more and the moan he lets out is louder than any sound he has previously made.

Dream smiles against his lips, “There?”

Almost wanting to roll his eyes, George nods, “There.”

Sharp nails clutch the skin on Dream’s shoulders for dear life as the dirty blond smashes George’s prostate over and over again, everything else dissolving around him except for the overwhelming pleasure sending velvet waves coursing through his body. The edge comes closer with every thrust as George connects his and Dream’s lips once again.

This time the kiss is more gentle against all odds. It should be rough and liquid fire, but all George gets out of it is declarations of their common love. God, when did they turn so sappy?

“Close,” George whispers once their lips detach for a moment, their labored breaths still mingling together in the close proximity.

There’s a concentrated look on Dream’s face as he releases one of his hands from George’s waist and wraps it around the back of George’s thigh, pulling it quickly up. George realizes his intentions a second too late as his leg comes closer to Dream’s shoulder and the brunet’s eyes shoot open.

“Stop!” His voice is breathless but stern as he says it, features screwing into a pained expression as the stretch feels like both his thigh and groin are splitting in half.

George almost misses the expression of pure shock and concern on Dream’s face as he lets go of the brunet’s leg, letting it fall back to its original place by Dream’s waist.

“Sorry, sorry,” the dirty blond splutters.

Shaking his head, George takes a deep breath. "It's okay. I just- fuck, I don't *bend* like that, Dream."

The concerned look washes away from Dream's face, turning into a grin before Dream bursts into a fit of wheezes, his face falling on the crook of George's neck.

"Don't laugh!" George exclaims and the feeling of *deja vu* only makes him frown more.

Apparently Dream is trying to contain himself but he's not doing a great job, raspy chuckles escaping pink lips.

"What's so funny about it?" George asks and he remotely feels like a disappointed mother of a ten-year-old. "Did you honestly think I'm a fucking gymnast?"

Dream laughs louder and George smacks his shoulder. "Focus, Dream or I'm gonna leave you to laugh here by yourself."

This seems to straighten the man out as he coughs a couple times before going back to his previous actions; abusing George's prostate like it's his only job in life. But the grin lingers and George can't help the small smile tugging the corners of his lips at the sight.

It doesn't take long before they're back at the same spot as earlier; George teetering on the edge and judging by the sloppy thrusts and panting, Dream there with him.

"Dream," George whines. The muscles on his legs are beginning to cramp from having to hold onto the taller for so long. As nice as this is, he would rather not lose his ability to use his legs for the next week. "Touch me."

And flashing a grin, Dream obliges by wrapping his calloused palm around George's length, pumping at the same time with his thrusts. George shakes from head to toe, eyes closing tightly shut as he grabs Dream's shoulders tighter than before.

George tumbles over the edge screaming Dream's name as the pleasure wracks his body.

"*Fuck* ." It doesn't take long for the dirty blond to follow, biting on the flesh on George's shoulder as he comes.

The feeling of being in water, shaken by the coursing waves as pure bliss wraps around his body, is something euphoric. As Dream finally pulls out and the two detach for a moment, George takes the time to float on his back in the water. It doesn't feel cold nor does it feel hot. It's an odd sensation that George craves to keep for as long as possible.

But then Dream is grabbing his hands under water, placing delicate kisses on George's exposed collarbones, whispering, "Let's go back."

George's legs have passed the point of being just tired, now failing to move at all. Luckily for him, Dream takes this into consideration as he takes George in his arms, carrying him to the shore.

The sand clings onto George's wet skin and George begins to search for his abandoned clothes in the dim light of the moon and the stars.

"Here you go," Dream mutters with a bright smile as he hands over George's shirt and pants before taking a seat next to the brunet.

When they're both done dressing up, George tilts his head to rest it on Dream's shoulder, sighing.

“You okay?” Dream asks and George notices the small hint of nervousness behind the words.

Nuzzling his face further into Dream’s neck, George nods, “More than.”

And as Dream wraps his hands around George, cradling him in warmth, George knows there’s no place he’d rather be in. The sea foam forming along the waves looks almost supernatural in the silver moonlight and George lets his eyes slowly close, the sound of Dream’s soft breathing and the lullaby of waves pulling him into sleep.

The sun is blinding as George slowly opens his eyes, a yawn stretching his mouth as he tries to place where he is. It doesn’t take more than the familiar tanned hand wrapped around his waist to bring back the memories from last night. Small recollections of last night send a thrilling feeling coursing in George’s veins and he pulls himself closer to the dirty blond wrapped around him.

Not wanting to wake up Dream, George simply turns around to face the sea, eyes tracking the movement of splashing waves on golden sand. He exhales slowly as he tries to keep his mind glued to this moment in time. It feels like a great mistake to not cherish the scene in front of him as well as the warm body around him.

George doesn’t know how long he stares at the rushing waves before getting tired and wanting to simply wake Dream up so he can talk with him. But just as he’s about to turn around once more, a sound catches his attention, its pure unfamiliarity enough to make his brows pinch together in confusion.

It sounds like buzzing, like a hundred bees flying together or- George’s eyes snap wide open as he sees the thing in the air, its shape only coming closer by the second.

“Dream.” George shakes the other by his shoulder which only rewards him with a grunt.

Repeating the names louder, George keeps his eyes fixed on the object in the air, scared it will leave if he so much as blinks.

Finally, Dream stirs awake and rubs his eyes with his fist.

“What’s going-”

“There’s a helicopter,” George answers before Dream gets to finish the question. “Look.”

With slightly weak legs, George scrambles to stand, instantly running towards the ocean while he keeps his eyes trained on the object that’s clearly a helicopter.

“Shit,” Dream whispers before quickly coming up as well, only tripping over his feet for a couple steps. “Can they see us?”

Adrenalin pumps in George’s body as he begins jumping up and down on the shore, shaking his hands in the air and yelling, “Here! We’re here!”

Dream takes George’s lead, flinging his arms around and shouting, “Help!”

When the buzzing and whirring sounds increase and the helicopter clearly comes closer with every passing moment, George is on the brink of tears. It’s actually happening. They are going to be safe. They’ll get out.

“George,” Dream says, the brightest smile on his face, when he too is certain the helicopter has noticed them. “We’re gonna go home.”

Now there are tears running down George’s cheeks as he nods, smiling so wide it hurts.

Then Dream’s eyes widen. “I have to go find Sapnap,” the dirty blond announces.

George nods, “Go!”

But Dream only takes two steps towards the rainforest before turning around and running back to George. There’s no time to ask questions as Dream grabs the sides of George’s face and pulls him into a kiss. The kiss is all the words they don’t have the time to say, all the ‘I love you’s George could possibly imagine. It’s happiness, excitement, relief, affection all wrapped in one kiss and George decides right then and there that it’s the best kiss they have shared so far.

The sound of the helicopter comes closer, now drowning out the sound of waves crashing on land, and George pulls away from the kiss.

He’s smiling and crying as he says, “Go, idiot.”

Dream nods and leaves. Just before he disappears into the forest, George hears the man scream, “I love you!”

The helicopter lands on the sand, its spinning rotors blowing the golden sand in every direction until the movement comes to a stop. George has to pinch himself to make sure he isn’t dreaming, the scene being so unbelievable in front of him. As the man and woman step out of the helicopter, George nearly falls on his knees.

“George Davidson?” The woman asks with a cautious tone, a smile spreading on her face.

George nods furiously and begins to explain that Dream and Sapnap are on their way.

It takes a long time to assure the woman he is okay and not in great need of medical service, but eventually she lets him take a seat in the helicopter, handing him a headset. The man explains to George how long they’ve been searching for the three and how huge the news of the plane crash were back in America, but nearly every word goes unregistered by the brunet as he tries to calm down his breathing and assure himself he’s okay.

When the figures of the two men appear on the edge of the forest, George quickly jumps out of his seat on the helicopter, running towards the pair.

“George!” Sapnap screams as he takes the brunet into his embrace, hands tightly holding his back. George can tell the man is shaking as he hugs him but he can’t blame him.

When Sapnap finally releases George, there are tears in the corners of his eyes.

“We’re going home,” George says and maybe the words are more directed to himself than anyone, but they seem to bring Sapnap comfort as he nods and grins, small creases forming around his eyes.

The three walk to the helicopter where the woman instantly begins asking questions from Sapnap and Dream. George quickly finds out Dream is way better in these kinds of situations than him; his answers come out clear and helpful where George could barely form coherent words.

When the woman is asking Sapnap questions, Dream pulls George to his side, one of his hands snaking around the brunet's waist. It's the most reassuring thing George could think of and he leans into Dream's body, focusing on the rising and falling of the taller's chest.

He's still tightly holding Dream as they take their seats in the helicopter, everyone placing their headsets on. Before taking off, there's the sound of Sapnap speaking. His words are gravelly through the headset but George can clearly make out the question.

"How many were lost?" he asks and as George glances over at the man, he notices the concerned expression on his face, teeth biting on the flesh of his bottom lip.

George waits for the answer just as anxiously as Sapnap. His mind immediately goes to the nights he spent having nightmares of faceless people who drowned in the accident. He remembers the small backpack he found in their early days on the island and another stream of tears is just waiting to reach the surface.

"In the accident?" The man's gritty voice speaks through the headset. "You three were the only ones who weren't found in the first days after the accident. Every other passenger made it."

It takes a while for the words to truly set in. *Every other passenger made it.* George closes his eyes, leaning his head on Dream's chest as salty tears of relief fall down his face and onto Dream's skin. It's not until now that George notices Dream is the only one without a shirt. He's been handed a fleece blanket but it's currently just sitting on his lap. For some reason, it's the funniest thing George knows and he drowns his giggles on Dream's bare skin.

As the helicopter begins ascending, George wipes the tears from his eyes and turns to look outside the small window to his left. It's a surreal feeling, looking at the island from outside as it becomes smaller and smaller.

George can't take his eyes off the island that looks ridiculously tiny from up far. The familiar palm trees and sand stare back at him, more memories than George can count all in one place. The shelters the three have built are nothing but tiny dots in the golden expanse.

All in all, the island looks like nothing; a small blob in the middle of the immense blue sea. Yet it holds within it so much more than the eye can see; the island has given George more than he thinks he can ever repay. There's a feeling of regret in George's chest because he didn't take anything with him from the island; no small pine cone to remember the days of having nothing to do except throw it around, no piece of a palm leaf to remind him of the dozens of baskets he made to pass the time, no stick to make him think of the hours he spent looking into the fire as its tangerine flames licked wood with intent.

But then he turns to face the man sitting next to him, dirty blond curls messily tugged under the headset as golden eyes peer into George's own brown ones, a loving smile spread on the freckled face as Dream gives a small squeeze to George's hand resting on his lap. At that moment George knows he doesn't have to leave empty-handed.

## Chapter End Notes

yay, this is finished :) i'm tired and my brain doesn't work, but thank you for all the kind comments, they have made me really happy.  
if u enjoyed this, consider following me on twitter (@ringedseal) and maybe, *maybe*

*usersubscribing here.*

*anyways, comments and kudos are always appreciated <3*

*btw, i don't know how i forgot this dream shorts, but it suddenly popped up on my recommendations. go watch it. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LA4y2Pe1L24&list=WL&index=109>*

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!